

Improvement Era

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR VOLUME XXVI

Beginning the 26th Volume with the November Number, 1922

We invite all our subscribers to renew their subscriptions on the blank herewith immediately, so that the first number will not be missed. It takes from two to three weeks to adjust the new subscription rolls. We invite you, therefore, to be among the first. The *Era* on the reading table keeps the young people interested in wholesome literature.

Read what they say:

From Mr. Kenneth Kutter, D.V.M., United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, Mansfield, Louisiana: "It has been my privilege to be a subscriber to the *Era* for a number of years. I find it consoling indeed when so far from Zion, and it is the next thing to a meeting with those who love the things I love. A recent contribution to the *Improvement Era*, 'The Girl,' by Nephi Anderson, without exaggeration, I enjoyed more than any fiction I have ever read. It seems to me there can be no more pleasing climax than reality."

Elder John E. Hipwell, Melbourne, Australia, says: "We appreciate the *Improvement Era* very much. It is a great factor in producing faith among the Saints and promulgating the gospel among investigators. The Melbourne Library has been presented with some copies, and the elders have received a letter from the public library asking for certain numbers of volume 24, so that a complete volume could be suitably bound and preserved in the library."

Elder Ernest B. Woodward, writing from Nagano Shi, Japan, says: "We appreciate the *Era* in Japan because it gives many good ideas and suggestions which we can use in our work here. It also has many enjoyable things to read which help us on our way. Its news is welcomed by us."

Elder R. Howey, Sunderland, England: "As a regular reader of the *Era*, I would like to say that I value and appreciate the good things contained therein from month to month, both from the high standard of literary excellence and the exceptional good instructions for our spiritual welfare."

From Elder Arthur W. Gudmunson, Manaia, Taranaki, New Zealand: "We receive the *Era* regularly and find it full of good things which we should not care to miss. We pass it around to our friends who are just as eager to read it as we are. We find it a constant source of inspiration and encouragement and a great help to us in our work."

"The elders and Saints in this part of the world enjoy very much reading the *Improvement Era*. We think the lessons for the Mutuals are especially good. Both Saints and investigators really enjoy them, and all wish success to the *Era*."—Harold E. Brough, President of the Nottingham Conference, England.

Kenneth R. Stevenson, mission secretary, Papeeti, Tahiti, says: "The *Improvement Era* is a most welcome monthly visitor to this mission. The elders here are always looking forward with the utmost interest for the real surprises in the form of good, sound gospel doctrine, which never fail to appear within its covers. All our missionaries here accept the *Era* as a true guide in assisting them to promulgate the gospel to the natives of these isles."

Floyd W. Campbell, Baton Rouge, La.: "We surely do appreciate the *Improvement Era*, and look anxiously for it each month."

We send best wishes from the "Home of the Maori," for continued success in putting out an ever better *Era* to help us in the promulgation of the gospel—Graham H. Doxey, Mission Secretary.

Roscoe C. Cox, writing from Hilo, Hawaii, July 8: "Of all magazines with which I am acquainted, I feel that the *Improvement Era* is easily the best, because of the uplifting character of its contents."

"I want to thank you for the *Improvement Era* which we receive every month. There are just two things that a missionary looks forward to receiving, one is the regular letter from home, and the other is the *Improvement Era*. The *Era* is a source of inspiration to everyone of us and is a big feature in our work."—G. Osmond Hyde, Conference President, Hull, England.

President William H. Wilson, of the Norwich conference, England, writes, under date of June 17: "We thank the *Improvement Era* editors and managers for sending the *Era* to us each month. Most of us were occasional readers of this publication before entering the mission field, but now we are all regular readers and enjoy its varied contents."

We might add thousands of testimonies from people in the organized stakes of Zion, concerning the value of the *Improvement Era*, and its contents. Wherever read it is highly appreciated. Subscribe now, \$2 a year.

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SPECIAL FEATURES

THE BOOK OF MORMON YEAR

It is one hundred years since the Prophet Joseph Smith was directed to the Hill Cumorah where lay the sacred record of the ancient Nephites. In commemoration of the occasion, the *Improvement Era* will pay attention in Volume 26 to the *Book of Mormon*, under the following heads, and in essays and testimonies by writers well versed in the study of the wonderful book:

1. The coming forth of the *Book of Mormon*.
2. Career of the *Book of Mormon*.
3. Synopsis of the contents of the *Book of Mormon*.
4. Character of the Prophet.
5. Character of the witnesses.
6. Importance of the *Book of Mormon*.
7. Predictions in the *Bible* concerning the *Book of Mormon*.
8. Brief testimonies of the Saints to the truth of the *Book of Mormon*. These are invited from our readers. As many of the best as possible will be used, as the numbers are issued.

A SERIAL STORY

Since the splendid serial which ran in the *Improvement Era* some years ago, entitled, "The Voice of the Intangible", it has not been deemed advisable to run a serial story in the *Improvement Era*. This year, however, we have a good story, suitable for serial publication, entitled, "Hearts and Hollyhocks", by Ruth Moench Bell, in eleven chapters, of from four to five pages each. The story teaches several good lessons—that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances, but is a condition of the heart; that living above one's income is a means of unhappiness; and that a manly fight against evil is not in vain. The text holds the interest from the beginning, and is a story of love and struggle that will interest all young people who are just married, or who contemplate marriage.

SHORT STORIES

For Young and Old

From two to three snappy, short stories will appear in each number. An *Era* story always gives the reader something to think about.

Other Attractive Features

For VOLUME 26

Pertinent Messages

From President Heber J. Grant, the editor-in-chief.

Sermons, Doctrines

Principles, ordinances, laws, and commandments, by the authorities of the Church.

Church Schools and Education

By leading educators.

Descriptive, Historical, and Scientific

Articles and narratives by leading local writers.

Mission Messages

From the various mission fields in the world.

Mutual

Current and activity work by the General Board committees and officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Passing Events

Recording the leading world, local and national happenings of the day.

Poetical Contributions

From many favorite writers.

Music

Appropriate and original, for male and mixed voices.

The leading writers of the Church and State contribute to the

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Get your subscription in the mail today; and send a volume of the *Improvement Era* to your friend as a Christmas present. It lasts the year round.

IMPROVEMENT ERA,

67 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Name
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If subscription price is not enclosed, please draw a line through the \$2 above, and state here about the date you will pay.

I will pay about....., 192.....

Notice: Subscriptions may begin any time, but most readers prefer the complete volume.

MANUALS FOR CLASS STUDY AND GENERAL READING.

Advanced Senior Class, *Doing Common Things in an Uncommon Way*, a fascinating study under the general theme, "Problems of Life". These lessons are printed monthly in the *Improvement Era*, the first three being found in the issue for September.

Senior Class, *Health and Achievement*, a series of lessons built around the Word of Wisdom, and treating on positive and negative health factors, manhood and health. Interesting and picturesque, connecting proper living with the possibility of great achievements in life. Price 25c per copy.

Junior Class, *Missionary Stories*, embracing experiences in the early history of the Church, and illustrating the principles of Scouting as laid down in the Scout Promise, the Scout Law, and the Scout Motto. Price 25c, *Improvement Era*, Salt Lake City.

ORDER THE MANUALS NOW!

The Get-a-way

By Louis W. Larsen

Many young men who enter the lists to try for the great prizes of life are handicapped by a late start.

They have all the speed and endurance necessary to win, but their opponents have made their get-away first.

Then the belated contestants struggle with grim determination to win, and wonder why the other fellow always hits the tape first.

It is all very simple. Other things being equal, the man who gets off the mark first is going to be winner. That is mathematically certain.

Every young man knows that some day he is going to compete with some other young man for a big paying job or responsible position; but too often he fails to realize that the contest begins before he ever heard of the job or saw his competitor.

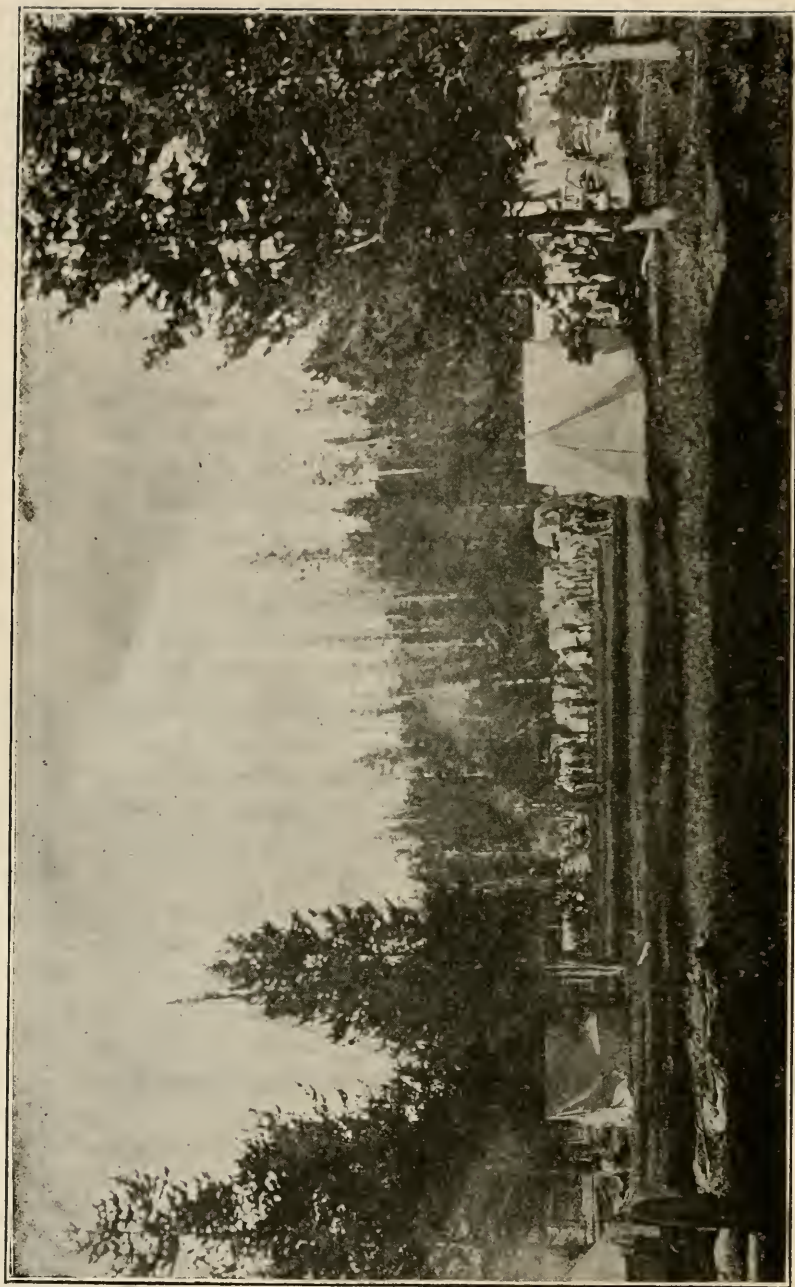
The boy who goes into vigorous, systematic training long before the day of the contest, has won over an indolent opponent, before ever there has been a signal of the gun.

Winning a race is not simply a mad burst of speed on the day of the crucial trial: it is getting ready for the fateful day by patient and laborious training.

If every youth could see the kind of formidable opposition he is one day going up against, he would work like grim death to be just a little better prepared than his opponent-to-be.

There is no time to prepare for a battle royal after the other fellow's hat is in the ring.

The time to train for the inevitable contest is now—and from now on.



Scene at the Uintah stake Fathers and Sons' Outing, July 18-20, 1922, at Ashley Creek

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Our Weakness, and the Source of Our Strength*

By Charles W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of the Church

My heart and my soul are in entire sympathy and harmony with the doctrines and precepts and counsel and admonition and spirit of this great conference. I know that the men who stand at our head, the Presidency of the Church, the Apostles, the Patriarch, the Seventies, and the Bishopric—you may exclude me from this consideration—but I do know that these brethren are men of God. There may have been, doubtless have been, in times past, some here and there, more distinguished as leaders, more fitted, as President Ivins pointed out to us, for the work that they were called upon to do, than any others who preceded them or who have followed them; but in the history of this Church I don't believe there ever has been a band of brethren of general authorities who are more desirous of serving the Lord unselfishly than the brethren that we now have who preside over the Church. They are men of God, clean of life and unselfish, and most devoted in their labors. They are men to whom the Lord manifests himself and to whom he gives guidance and direction, in the conduct of the affairs of the Church.

The same may be truly said with respect to the authorities in the stakes, in all the stakes of Zion. As far as I know, the presidencies, high councilors, the bishops and their counselors are, as a rule, unselfish workers, and in the missions also, as well as the auxiliary organizations and, in fact, in all the activities

*Practical remarks worthy of careful study, delivered at the April conference, 1922.

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of the Church everywhere, there are more faithful workers today who labor unselfishly for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God than there ever were up to this time; so that the Church and kingdom of God is today stronger, more powerful, more potent than it ever has been in any hour of its history in the past.

.. *We are Weak in Many Things*

But notwithstanding all this, we are, oh, so dreadfully weak in many things. We are not self-sustaining as we should be; far from it. We are most woefully in debt. I have been thinking in these meetings this thought: I wonder what Brother Brigham would say to us if he could happen along here now and ascertain that we do not produce in our state more than about one-half of the meat that we eat! We ship in tens of thousands of hogs from other states instead of raising them here at home! I wonder what he would say after all the years of his teaching, which I heard and others here heard, and which you can read, that this people should become self-sustaining, and then find out that today forty to fifty per cent of all the eggs consumed by the people of this state are shipped in from the East, and the fowls that you go down in the market and buy are shipped in by the carload! We do not produce them here where everybody, pretty much, who has a little piece of land could be producing a few chickens and eggs, and have, as Brother Brigham used to tell us, a pig or two, and thereby become self-sustaining.

Then again, following the same thought, I wonder what President Smith would say to us if he found now that we are more in debt individually than we ever were before. We have not followed the wise counsels that have been given to us as we should have done. I plead guilty myself, and yet, the Latter-day Saints as a whole, are a good people. I believe in them. They are my people. I want to be with them.

I see men here and there going away from this camp-fire of ours, going off with people who are not of our faith. They seem to find happiness and enjoyment there, and I fear some of them have pleasures in unrighteousness. But for me, I like my own people best, for I believe they are the Lord's people, and yet those of our friends and neighbors at these different camp-fires around us, they, too, are good people.

I have an abiding faith in this Nation, which the Lord, our God, brought into being, and has brought to this day and age, standing as it does, doing a great work, a leader among nations for good, for helpfulness, for righteousness, for peace. President Grant noticed in his opening remarks the wonderful work

that had been done, and commended it, by the recent conference held in the city of Washington, looking to the partial disarmament of the nations; that has been a great work and a good work. We might say, if they had only done that one thing, the return of Shantung with its thirty millions or more of Chinese to their own land, to their own country, returned them to their own government, if that alone was the only thing that had been accomplished, that alone was worth while. But many other great things have been accomplished, and I am proud of what our Nation is trying to do.

We need not fear as to this Nation from without. The Lord has said, "I will fortify this land against all other nations." The danger is not from without, but from within, as the Book of Mormon plainly points out, from secret combinations of men giving their first allegiance to their secret combination. That is the danger, for after awhile these combinations will be contending one against the other until anarchy is apt to prevail, crime becomes rampant and danger to the existence of our government with its glorious Constitution is great, unless the people turn unto the Lord and seek Him.

The Spirituality so Lacking in the World is with the Church

Our attention was called by a distinguished educator here the other day, to the fact that the great curve, as he called it, of mechanical development, invention of every kind, patents being issued by the millions on all these inventions, which go on multiplying by the thousands, the great mechanical development that makes this the most wonderful age in all the history of the world, that curve he said had gone way up almost out of sight, but he said the spiritual line or curve has not moved upward but rather downward, and he suggested that the people of this Nation should give more attention to the spiritual and less to the temporal.

On the opening day of our conference, when I saw a larger congregation here than had ever met on a week day of any conference before, I marveled at it. What is it? I thought, as this learned educator called attention to this lack in the spiritual growth, or development of spiritual matters, which is so sadly lacking in the world, that here is this very thing that brings these thousands and tens of thousands together, this spiritual power which is lacking in the world. There isn't any use denying the lack of it in the world. Indeed, it is not denied. It is confirmed. We heard it confirmed here the other day on the best authority, and we see it; we see the lack of it; we have heard it repeated in these conferences, the lack, as these men testify, such men as Nicholas Murray Butler and others from him on down, all testify to that lack in the world, but here is

that spiritual power which has brought these tens of thousands together to this conference on a week day to listen to the servants of the Lord. That is the very power which the people of the world lack. For these thousands who come, do not come here to grumble and complain at the Priesthood. As a rule, they are clean men, good men. They are tithepayers. They are men who, generally speaking, keep the Word of Wisdom. But those who do not pay tithes, and who do not keep the Word of Wisdom, you will not find them crowding into this tabernacle on a week day, or on a Sunday even, not as a rule. It is those who have this spiritual essence and power in their souls, which these distinguished educators say, and which we know, the world lacks. We have it here, and so we come to be refreshed and to learn of the ways of the Lord, and to partake of His spirit, and to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

How to Secure Spiritual Power

A distinguished and learned man, a ruler among the Jews, and an educator, called on the Savior in his day and stated that he knew that the Savior had power which they did not have because, he said, "No man could do the works you are doing unless God be with you." Now the Savior said to him, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." At that the distinguished ruler, educator and teacher began to quibble and say: "Well now, how can a man be born again when he is old?" etc, and the Savior replied, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

He can secure for himself, by conforming to the law, this spiritual essence and power which shall make him to know God. Read in the Doctrine and Covenants how the conferring of the Priesthood was brought about, and how the power of the Holy Ghost which gives the key of the knowledge of God, was given through holy angels, conferring this Priesthood upon the Prophet Joseph Smith and his fellow-servant Oliver Cowdery. They received this power, this authority. They were delegated to confer it upon others, and when they laid their hands upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," then, mystery of mysteries, miracle of miracles! they received it. And you also have partaken of that Spirit, my brethren and sisters. You have received it just as the Savior told this great teacher that he could receive it. The Savior said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." We need not inquire further than to know that that power, that

spiritual essence, is received when we comply with the conditions. The Savior said that no man could receive it without obeying. You know that is true. You have received, as I say, of this Spirit, and that is what brings you here. That is what gathers this great body of people every six months. That is what makes you to know that these brethren of the Presidency are men of God, that these presiding officers are clean, good, upright men, competent by the purity of their lives alone, to be entitled to communion with that Spirit and power called the Holy Ghost, and to receive direction and guidance from that source, and give it to this people, and this notwithstanding our many little failings and weaknesses which beset us in our lives.

We can say, as Jesus said to this great teacher, Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness." The Latter-day Saints teach that which they know, and they say with the power of Almighty God, the power of the Holy Ghost, this spiritual existence, this spiritual missing force which the world is now finding out that it lacks, oh, so greatly, too, which they have not got and neither can they find it only in the Lord's way, "Except ye be born of the water, and of the Spirit ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God," neither can you know and feel assured of this spiritual essence and power which we possess, and which we know is the power of God unto salvation, without complying with this requirement. God Bless you. Amen.

Yon Smiling Wild-Rose Hedge

Yon blithely smiling wild-rose hedge
A-blooming by the water's edge,

So innocent and free,
With silken petals pink and fair
That flutter on the balmy air—
My heart is all for thee!

Ten thousand blossoms fresh and fair
A-nodding by the way-side there

In guileless rivalry!
Yon blithely smiling wild-rose hedge
A-blooming by the water's edge,
How beauteous to see!

Oh, maiden, lithe and young and fair,
At dewy morn I'll meet thee there—

And then I'll twine for thee
A wreath of roses pink and fair,
Fresh flowers that thou mayest wear,

And think, sweet one, of me.

Fathers and Sons' Outings, and other Y. M. M. I. A. Activities

First Fathers and Sons' Outing, Young Stake

Daniel A. Christensen, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. Young stake, reports their first fathers and sons' outing of that stake, held on July 17 to 19 inclusive, near Fort Lewis at the foot of the La Plata mountains. There were one hundred present, seventy-five of whom are in the picture herewith. The location of the camp was near the Colorado State Agricultural College, near Fort Lewis, at the foot of the La Plata mountains. Dr.



Stake Supt. Y. M. M. I. A. Daniel A. Christensen, left front kneeling; Ass't. Supt. J. Carr McGee, left front, standing

G. F. Snyder, in honor of whom they named their camp, is the superintendent of the school, and he granted them the privilege of a camp ground in the pasture of the school, gave the company free use of the campus, ball grounds, and turned the gymnasium over to them with all its furnishings, shower baths, etc. He also took time to escort them through the big power house, experimental plants, and showed them their pure bred stock, etc., making explanations and answering questions. Super-

intendent Christensen says: "He not only welcomed us, but thanked us for coming, and extended an invitation to our mothers and daughters to spend their outing there. Superintendent Snyder is one of the most splendid gentlemen and one of the finest hosts we have ever met. His teachers were likewise exceptionally kind and courteous, one lady taking a couple of hours of her own time telling stories, in which she is an expert, to all of our boys under thirteen years of age, and then helped them play games in the gymnasium. We all marched in order to and from the camp and the school campus. The entrance of our camp is shown in the picture. One of our returned soldier boys directed the marching. Another returned soldier conducted the raising and lowering of the flag each day, at which all were requested to be present. Games, stunts, swimming, story-telling, etc., were indulged in. Morning and evening devotion and prayers were observed by the camp.

"We have five wards in our stake with a membership of one thousand. One hundred fathers and sons were in attendance, which is ten percent of our total population. Red Mesa had fifty-three of the hundred present; one of our wards had no representative, and one ward had only two. All declare that we are going bigger than ever next year. Three bishops were present. The outing was educational as well as entertaining, and no one ever received more united and hearty support from a group than was accorded to my assistant and myself during the outing."

Bingham Stake Fathers and Sons' Outing

This is no passing event in Bingham stake; it is a coming event to be looked forward to each year. We held this year's outing on the banks of the Buffalo and Snake Rivers, August 3 and 4. When we compare our outing this year with last, we feel that the fathers of Zion are awakening to the work. Last year we had 101 fathers and sons, as compared with 365 this year. To many it meant a great sacrifice, for the farmers were in the midst of work not easy to neglect. Each day and hour of the time was scheduled for some event or the teaching of some great lesson in mother nature. First class scouts took merit badge work in athletics, swimming, pioneering, etc., watched with interest by the fathers. The campfire in the evening made the canyons echo with community singing. "We stand for a pure life through clean thought and action" was the subject of an address delivered by C. W. Hansen of the Stake Presidency. Patriarch R. L. Bybee, 85 years old, the oldest in the camp, brought joy to many by his early pioneer stories, showing that

scouting in his early day was much more of a hardship than at present. Early pioneer life of Idaho was discussed by several others, and a discourse on the planets, the moon and stars, given by Brother A. D. Erickson, broadened the views of many concerning the universe about us. The Shelton ward had 55 members present, a total of 19.06% of its population. They were presented with a large American flag by the Stake Board, and will become its guardian for one year. If they win it next year, they will retain the guardianship permanently. The total absence of tea, coffee, tobacco, guns, and foul language, in the camp, will be a testimony for the boys in later years that these things have no place in the Church of God, and that through abstinence from them, they will reap the many blessings as promised in the Word of Wisdom.—Condensed from the report of *Sylvan Olson*, stake secretary.

Growth of Scout Activity in Logan

The group of men on the picture comprises the Logan Boy Scout commission: back row, Deputy Commissioner Rolla V.



Johnson, Commissioner Dr. B. L. Richards, former Executive J. Karl Wood, Deputy Commissioners David A. Wooten, and John Moser; front row, Deputy Commissioners Norman Hamiltan, Henry Oberhausley, and the present executive, Victor Lindblad. The commission as organized in Logan is a new feature there. Instead of a one-man machine, it offers the service of eight men. Each deputy commissioner has a district of four wards to supervise, and it is his business to work through the scoutmasters and troop committees to see that Scouting operates successfully in the wards under his jurisdiction. The growth and success of Scouting in Logan is largely due to the untiring efforts of Dr. B. L. Richards and the competent men associated with him. Scouting has grown in Logan during two years from 71 registered scouts to 525. During the year, 1921, 399 merit badges and 4 Eagle badges were awarded. From January to May 6, 1922, 674 merit badges, 8 star badges and 26 Eagle badges were awarded. From January, 1921, to May 6, 1922, 1,073 merit, 8 Star and 30 Eagle badges were awarded to deserving scouts under the Logan local council. Scouting was organized in Logan under a first class council during the year 1920, and has grown at such rapid rates that, at present, over one hundred men are voluntarily spending their spare time gratis, to scouting. There is not a member of the Logan local council who uses tobacco in any form, and this excellent example, along with the wonderful leadership, is in part responsible for Logan's unusual record in scouting.—*Victor Lindblad*, executive.

Third Annual Fathers and Sons' Outing, Uintah
(See Frontispiece in this number of the *Era*)

Uintah stake held their fathers and sons' outing Tuesday, July 18, to Thursday night, July 20. This is the third annual outing held by this stake, and pronounced the best by those attending previous outings. The camp was situated on Ashley creek below Trout creek park, and 160 fathers and sons participated. Everything scheduled by the leaders was effectively carried out, even to the bringing of Congressman Don B. Colton from Roosevelt early in the morning and hustling him into the caravan after an all night's ride from Salt Lake City purposely to be present once more. There was no occasion for discipline. Everyone was there to have a good time and to help others have a good time. Not an incident occurred to mar the pleasure of any one.

Wednesday and Thursday were days of sports and every minute was occupied. Reed and LeRoy Morrill were the cham-

pion trackmen both days; indoor base-ball was the big feature. Many spent the time fishing, and wonderful catches were made. Wednesday evening a large bonfire was built, around which the men and boys gathered. Superintendent Olsen took charge. Familiar songs were sung with vim, and selections were rendered on the banjo. Splendid talks were given by Congressman Colton, Supervisor Charles DeMoisy, of the Ashley National Forest, and District Range Inspector Ernest Winkler of the National Forest Service. President Wallace Calder, Pontha Calder, A. G. Goodrich and Supt. H. S. Olsen were everywhere present looking after the welfare of all. All wards were represented except Glines, Lapoint, and Mountain Dell. Vernal First ward had the largest representation, there being 48 in number.

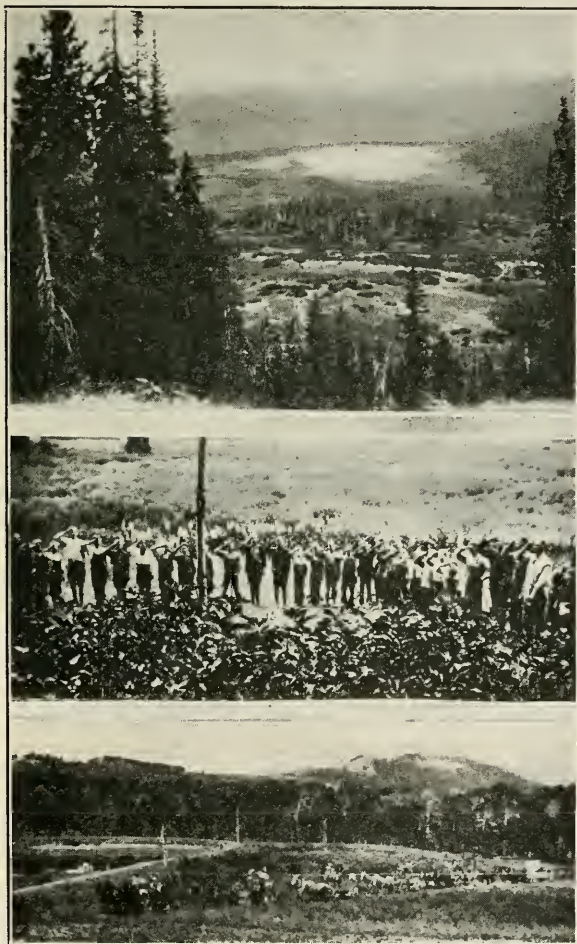
Pioneer Celebration Oneida Stake

A stake celebration of the people of Oneida stake was held at Riverdale on Pioneer Day under the auspices of the M. I. A. The grounds and beautiful grove near the bank of the Bear River were beautifully decorated and arranged for the occasion, and breathed of the spirit of early days. The largest crowd of any in the history of the stake was present. An excellent program was arranged, consisting of a number from each ward, and included songs, an oration by President Taylor Nelson, comic readings, mixed and double mixed quartettes. At lunch hour the Mink Creek quartette entertained. Sports, races, games were indulged in. A base ball game was one of the features of the day between Mink Creek and Riverdale. In the afternoon there was a dance for the children, and in the evening a grand ball at the Preston opera house. It was gratifying to the M. I. A. officers to know that the people of the stake support them in their efforts in Mutual work and special activities of which the celebration was one.—*Frank M. Cole.*

Fathers and Sons' Outing, Fairview, North Sanpete Stake

The fathers and sons of the Fairview, North Sanpete stake, had their outing at their permanent camp on Gooseberry lake, August 5 to August 10. Gooseberry lake is located in the Wasatch mountains east of North Sanpete stake, and is a wonderful nature spot. A one-day hike from the permanent camp was made to the Huntington reservoir, about four miles distant; and other short and interesting hikes, full of nature study and beauty, were taken near the lake. Two wards of Fairview went together, and consisted of 8 fathers and 44 sons. The outing was thoroughly successful and enjoyable. The pictures show the lake,

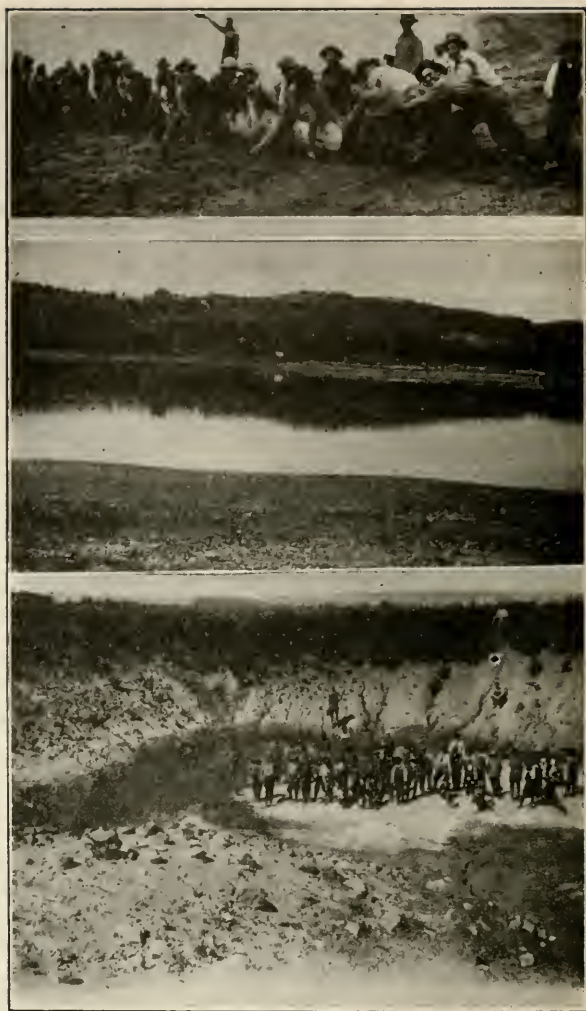
the boys saluting the flag, the company on their way to the lake, the boys pushing out a log by which they launched a raft on the lake, and finally, the company standing on a formation of ice about twenty feet above the surface of the ground in a peculiar, crater-like hole, from which the water has no outlet. There are a number of this class of holes which are undoubtedly craters of extinct volcanoes, on the summit of the mountains, this being the largest. Lindon W. Peterson, who is chairman of the Advanced Senior department, reports the outing. Urvin Gee had charge of the Junior Scout department.



Top: The lake in the distance.

Center: The boys saluting the flag.

Bottom: The company on their way to the lake.



*Top: The boys pushing out a log by which they launched a raft
Center: Close view and reflection scene taken from the north bank of
Gooseberry lake.*

*Bottom: The hiking company standing on the ice of a crater formation
on the top of a mountain. The ice where they are standing is about
twenty feet from the surface of the ground. It was said by some of
the men that they have seen the crater when there was no ice in it,
and that the hole where the ice is found was about fifty feet deep in
the crater. The water has no visible outlet. Several such craters or
holes are found in the vicinity, but this is the largest. All of them are
located on the summit of the mountain.*

Mt. Pleasant Outing

Calvin Christensen, Scoutmaster Troop 2, B. S. A., Mt. Pleasant, Utah, reports that on the early morning of July 31, troop 2 and troop 1 of Mt. Pleasant and the fathers and sons' outing company left Mt. Pleasant and reached Hog's Flat that



Troop formation for flag raising. Pictures taken by R. W. Weech, official photographer

afternoon where a permanent camping place was established. The party returned home August 4 from this ideal scout camping place. Pure spring water, feed for horses, beautiful timber and a large reservoir are all close to the camp. Troop 1, under Scoutmaster Halverson and Assistant Scoutmaster Evan Madsen; Troop 2, under Scoutmaster Calvin Christensen and Assistant Scoutmaster Marvin Anderson, were in charge. Lieutenant Seymour Jensen was appointed camp director, G. F. Bohne, the cook, and he prepared meals for the boys "just like mother used to make." In the morning after flag raising and breakfast the boys were taken on hikes to points of interest and given lessons in Scouting by men qualified in these subjects. Special mention should be made of the lectures given by Deputy Supervisor Van Boskirk; Ranger Merrill Nielson, and Daniel Rasmussen. During the afternoons the boys had swimming, games and sports. In the base ball game between the fathers and sons the boys won by a small margin. The campfire programs were full of "pep" and made a fitting close for the day's program. Regardless of a few showers, the trip was a big suc-



*On a nature study hike, with Assistant Forest Supervisor Van Boskirk,
and Ranger Merrill Nielson*

cess, and a feeling of loyal fellowship was created between the fathers and sons. Sixty-five fathers and sons were present to enjoy the trip.

O Thou Creator of the Days!

O Thou Creator of the days
And pageless years from chaos won,
Thy architrave the cloud, the sun,
The rainborn tempest spun,
Let me, thy lowly one,
But hallow them when I kneel to pray,
For I, O Lord, am more than they,
And need Thee every hour.

Lo! unto Thee my faith is born,
Deep cradled in my soul's desire,
O nurture me, and draw me nigher,
On, on and ever higher,
Thy smile my steeple spire;
Thy works, O Lord, all plead for me,
For dearer still am I to Thee,
And need Thee every hour.

Mesa, Arizona

Bertha A. Kleinman

Distance Lends Enchantment

By Nephi Anderson

Andrew Harper sat on the back porch with his heels on the railing and his chair comfortably tilted, reading the latest issue of the *Rushtown Rustler*. He was so absorbed in its contents that he failed to see Miss Josephine Fuller, his neighbor, who was coming, with cup in hand, to borrow some sugar, until she stepped on to the porch and mischievously tipped his chair nearly to falling.

"Halloo, Josephine," he greeted. "You're just the person I want. Have you seen today's *Rustler*?"

"No; not yet."

"Well, here it is; and there's another article in it by Byjo? This time I don't agree with him or her, whichever it is. Sit down a minute while I read it."

"I'm in a hurry now. I come a-borrowing again, you see; but what is it? I'd like to hear it, if it isn't too long." She took the chair which he pushed toward her. Then he read:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. The far mountain lifts its peak in glory, bathed in the radiance of the rising or the setting sun. Its rugged sides are softened by the distance. A nearby view discloses only the common rock and brush and withered grass and sun-baked earth; but the ugliness of the near is toned down the farther one gets from it, until the distance throws over the whole a mellow beauty.'"

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"I think it's true," she answered.

"True! Rubbish! Just a bit of 'fine' writing, just a little rhetoric. Listen, here's some more:

"'I see a King's castle on the hill—the distant hill, mind you—where the fair Queen lives. I see arching trees, the green of broad lawns, dotted with colorful flowers. Fountains are playing, and walks and drives curve like ribbons in and out. Then there is a glimpse of the sea—the distant sea, mind you, which is never rough or ugly, but which shimmers like a far-off heavenly region of peace and bliss.'"

"He'd best write his poetry in rhyme and rhythm," he commented.

"Oh, I don't know. It sounds rather nice as it is,"

"Yes; but this distance stuff. It isn't, it can't be altogether true. Why, I can see the beauty of the near, right here and now. For example—" The speaker turned in his chair so as to face the prospect which lay toward the north. The girl followed his gaze, glancing now and then at the animated face of the young man, as he pointed at the objects named.

"I see beauty in our place and yours, too. The garden, the nearby fields, the water ditches, the fences—yes, the crooked ones as well as the straight, your house, half hidden by that twisted apple tree—"

"And the gate—"

"Yes; if it had more than one hinge it would not incline to that artistic angle."

"And the weeds in the back yard?"

"I'd rather see a knot-grass carpet than brown earth."

"And what about the people who live in the near-by houses?—But you've gotten in bad this morning," she hurried on. "Is that all from your famous author. I must really go."

"Just another paragraph. Listen to this:—"

"All this is not the sole property of the King. He may have papers to show that he is the owner, and that he is at the expense of keeping it up, and that he pays the taxes; but, after all, the real value of the property is in its beauty and the joy it gives to the beholder; and I, with my seeing eyes, may, in reality, call it all mine, perhaps with more truth than the King himself."

The young man carefully folded the paper as he arose with his neighbor. "He's been reading *Prue and I*," said he.

"Very likely," she agreed.

"I wish I knew just who the writer is. He is interesting me very much. He seems to have such a keen insight into things, the common things which we common people know and can understand."

"He, you say. You take it for granted that the writer is a man."

"Yes; I think so."

"Why?"

"Well—never mind, I—I wouldn't want to offend my next door neighbor." He laughed, opened the door for her, and called out to his mother to keep an eye on her sugar bowl. When the girl walked back carefully because of the heaped-up sugar, Andrew looked at her from the open doorway until she disappeared behind the foliage of the apple tree.

"By gum," he commented to himself, "I don't know which of us is right, for there's Josephine—she looks good to me near as well as afar."

The editor of the *Rushtown Rustler* explained to Andrew Harper when he called at the office of that paper that he could not reveal the identity of his valuable contributor, "Byjo."

"Is it a man or a woman?" asked Andrew.

"That would be partly telling, and I am under bonds not to tell."

"May I write to her—or him?"

"Oh, yes; I shall be glad to see that your letters are delivered." The editor seemed pleased to know of the interest the articles were creating.

Andrew did not write immediately. In fact, he hardly knew why he should write and what. He had only a desire to get into closer touch with this "Byjo." There were some things in "Byjo's" articles which seemed to be written to him, for him. He understood them and the spirit which seemed to make them so alive. Although he had expressed the thought to Josephine that "Byjo" must be a man, he hoped that the pen-name might cover the identity of a woman. Every week Andrew discussed the articles as they appeared, with his neighbor, Josephine Fuller. Josephine was a good girl, a mighty fine girl, but as she was not "literary" she could not be expected to talk intelligently with him on the merits of this rising author. Besides, she asked such foolish question, and acted in such a disinterested way lately.

Then he wrote a letter to "Byjo," care of the *Rustler*. In a week a reply came to hand. He took the letter over to Josephine. She read it slowly.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "Is it written by a man or a woman?"

Josephine held the letter closer to the light and scanned it carefully. "I can't tell for sure," she said, "but I'd guess 'Byjo' to be a woman."

"I was thinking the same. I believe there's an effort to disguise the handwriting, but there's something feminine about it. It's merely a note of thanks for my letter of appreciation. She couldn't say much, of course, to a stranger. Do you think by the tenor of her letter that she would take offense at my continuing the correspondence?"

The girl held the letter up again to the light as if she could divine something from the white spaces of paper. "No, I think not," she decided. "You might try."

"There are so many things I should like to ask her. Let's call her a woman for the sake of clearness in speaking. She puts some things so queerly and some so pointedly that I

should like to discuss them with her. I wonder now—do you think she is old—or young?”

Josephine looked at him with something akin to a frown. “Well, Andy Harper, how should I know. In your next letter you might ask her.”

“Oh, I couldn’t do that.”

“Why not? I’d advise you, as you seem to want my advice, to begin right with this lady of the mysteries who seems to have gotten such a hold on your imagination. She might prove to be as old as your grandmother, and then what?”

“Why, Josephine, I wasn’t thinking of it in that way?”

“In what way? What have I said? Good day, Mr. Harper, I have a lot of sensible things to do.”

She strode away with head in air, leaving Andrew to gaze after her. What was the matter with her? Was she—no, it couldn’t be that she was jealous. The thought added zest to the young man’s modest adventure.

Josephine Fuller was as keen to get the local paper on its weekly visits as was her neighbor Andrew Harper; and they continued to discuss the articles of “Byjo,” although Andrew avoided as much as possible the mention of the writer as a personality. Andrew was a kind hearted young man, and he did not wish to unduly agitate his fair neighbor. The truth was that the correspondence which he had begun was flourishing wonderfully. Not only did “Byjo” answer his letters, but the replies soon became longer and quite gossipy, then they took a more confidential tone. A subtle hint, now and then, seemed to tell him that his correspondent was a woman, and a young woman at that. And so he became bolder in his letters, and finally he asked to know the truth about the writer’s identity. His next letter told him that “Byjo” was a pen name for a young lady, “not more than twenty-five and unmarried.”

Andrew Harper’s heart was aflame. He could hardly go about his work calmly. Something which had the stamp of a real romance was coming into his life. It was definitely “she” and “her” now both in his letters and in his thoughts. What a girl she must be out of whose heart and brain could come such noble thoughts and beautiful ideas! He must know more of her. Could he ask her for her real name, or for her photograph? He read her letter over again and seemed to take courage. Yet he hesitated, and he could not very well take counsel of Josephine on that matter. He was neglecting his neighbor sadly of late. But the heart pressure became too strong for him to resist, and so he asked his unknown correspondent plainly both for her name and her picture. In her reply she

stated that "really and truly" she had no photograph of herself later than ten years ago, and as to her name—"Why, what's in a name?"

But one refusal would not stop Andrew Harper. He continued trying to bring this enchanted distance nearer to his view, and he so pressed his requests that eventually "she" promised to meet him in person.

"It had best be on a Sunday," she wrote, "so that you will not lose anything more than a Sunday sermon on this wild-goose chase. I warn you now that you will be terribly disappointed, but perhaps it will be the kindest act I can do for you, to have you disillusioned thus 'early in the game.' If you are still determined to know the truth, I will meet you next Sunday at 3:30 in the little park one block east from the *Rustler* office. There is a small bench, room enough for two, in the corner by the big tree near the grand stand. I'll be there reading a copy of the *Rustler*."

Andrew walked the air. He could hardly abide the appointed day. Never before were his clothes so well brushed. Never were his shoes so shiney as in preparing for the event. Never before had he spent so much at one time in the barber shop on a Saturday evening.

He washed the one-seated buggy that was to take him to town, and carefully curried the horse he was to drive. "I warn you that you will be disappointed," she had written. In what way? he wondered. Could she be playing a joke on him? Or was there some physical deformity in the girl? She had said something about teaching him a lesson. Would she make a fool of him? Well, he did not think so. At any rate, no one else knew about this, and there would be none to laugh at him should it turn out disastrously. Even Josephine knew nothing about it, for which he was mighty thankful. Well, he could not back out now, even if he had a mind to, which he had not.

Sunday afternoon, Andrew drove out of the yard toward town. The distance was not far. He tied his horse in front of the court house at three o'clock. He was in no hurry. He must give her time to get to the rendezvous first, so he strolled about trying to calm himself for the ordeal. At five minutes to the appointed time he arrived at the park. A girl was sitting on the designated seat—with room enough for two. She was dressed in white. Her large straw hat was lying on the seat beside her. She was reading a paper which she was holding close to shield her face. On a near approach he saw it was a copy of the *Rushtown Rustler*.

Andrew stopped in front of the girl. "Ahem," he said.

The paper was lowered, and the smiling, blushing face of Josephine Fuller was revealed. She arose, reached out her hand to the dumbfounded Andy, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Andrew Harper. I am glad to see you. Sit here, there is just room enough for two."

Andrew limply took the proffered seat. Speechless, he looked at her, then down at his feet, then away to the distant mountain, then back to the blushing girl. He was completely nonplussed. His nervous system had received the greatest shock in its history. After a time he could only breathe—

"By Joe!"

"Yes," she said, "that is one of my names. What is your pleasure, Mr. Andrew Harper?"

"Josephine, don't—don't rub it in so hard."

Her face softened. She saw how distressed he was as he sat there with head hanging as if in shame. She placed her hand on his arm in true comradeship.

"Forgive me, Andy. I—I only wanted to prove to you that distance lends enchantment. That the nearby is often so little and mean and of no account."

He looked up into her face with a weak smile; but as he continued to look into the mischievous but forgiving face beside him, a conviction grew upon him, and his heart leaped with joy when he realized that the charming, alluring distance had come so near and seemingly so attainable in the person of his next door neighbor. He took her hand and would have taken both, but she sprang up with:

"Behave yourself. Here comes daddy to take me home."

"But, Josephine, my horse and buggy are just around the corner; and I have so much to explain, and—"

"Well, you can tell me the rest this evening—after meeting. Goodby."

How We Live

It matters not what others think, and little what they say,
It matters only how we live, and fill each passing day.

It matters not how men may judge each little act we do,
It only counts if we can serve and to our selves be true.

It matters not how small the task, or humble is our part,
If we but do our very best, and love and cheer impart.

It means so little in the race, if we have wealth or fame,
But oh, what lasting joy to us, to win in life's great game.
Mesa, Arizona *Mrs. Ida R. Alldredge*

The Brigham Young University Alpine School

By Andrew M. Anderson

A successful open air summer school held 7,500 feet above sea level on the side of a twelve-thousand foot peak, was the unique and distinctive achievement of the educational department of the Brigham Young University. Largely experimental in its purpose, it proved so satisfactory that it predicts itself the forerunner of a school of this type which will continue to grow and enlarge its scope of influence until it shall draw its students from the most distant parts. It extended from July 17 to August 19 at Aspen Grove, on the side of Mt. Timpanogos, with six days of school work per week, and at the altitude at which it was held, an ideal climate exists without the heat of the lower valley, in addition to the unlimited field for original research and investigation.

Dr. Martin P. Henderson, Dean of the College of Arts and Science, and Prof. Fred Buss, Prof. of Geology, were the directors of the school, with Prof. C. Y. Cannon, as Camp Director. Dr. Thomas L. Martin and Dr. Murray Hayes also spent a number of days at the Grove as special instructors. Nature study, geology, biology and taxonomy, were the lines of work which the students turned their attention to, and with the abundant flora of the mountain forests and the natural formations of the cliffs furnishing endless material for study, every hour of the day was spent either in the class room, in the laboratory, or on field trips. One of the accomplishments of the geological department was the making of a complete geological survey of Mt. Timpanogos under the direction of Prof. Buss, and many specimens of geological strata and numerous fossils were collected. This necessitated a two days' trip to the cirques and the top of Timpanogos, where in addition to the geological work collections were made of the plant life of the higher zones. Trips were also taken to other parts of the canyons and mountains.

A detailed study was made of the plant life and whenever specimens were needed for laboratory observation they were found with little effort. The flora was so abundant that it



The Schoolhouse with the campus reaching to the Clouds.—Alpine School

was estimated that of the approximately 1,800 flowering plants in Utah, more than 1,200 could be found on Timpanogos, and there were five distinct zones ranging from the Transitional to the Arctic Alpine, each with distinctive types of plant life.

Even the final examinations were interesting and appealing, the students being instructed to collect and bring to camp specimens of various kinds, and in this way the most thorough and complete collection of plants from the very lowest form to the highest was found, preserved and added to the University's collections. They were then studied and reviewed in their relation to one another.

Special lectures on related subjects were contributed by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Prof. E. M. Ledyard, etymologist for the U. S. Smelter company, and Dr. Kimball Young.

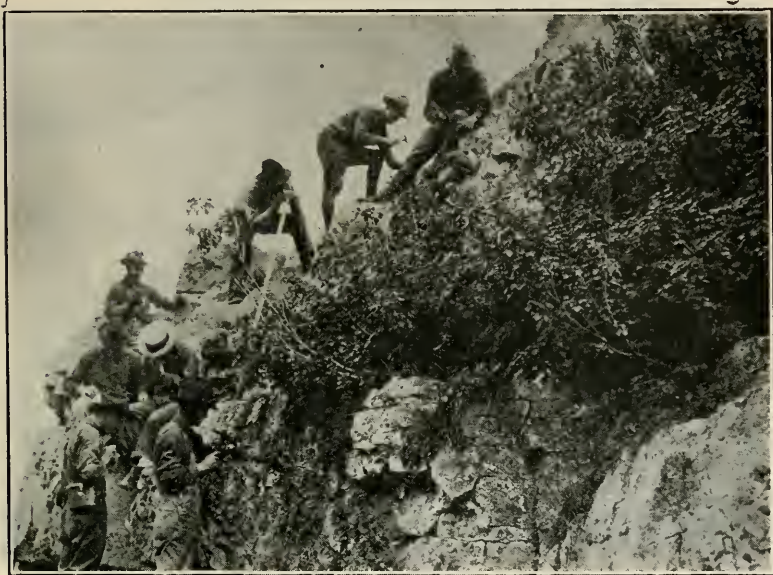
A student body organization was perfected which did much to add to the success of the school, particularly the entertainment, camp welfare, and keeping a record of events. Mr. W. A. Paxton, of Kanosh, was elected president, with Joseph A. Anderson, of Salina, vice-president. All of the remainder of the students were placed on various committees, as follows:

Historical: Harold W. Bentley, Colonia Juarez, Mexico, chairman; Andrew M. Anderson, Rexburg, Idaho, and Jesse Weight, Springville. Prof. M. P. Henderson, adviser.

Special Correspondence: Reid Beck, Draper, chairman; Wayne Mayhew, Duchesne, A. D. Dudley, Vernal.

Official Photographers: Prof. Fred Buss, Charles Wentz, Provo, E. R. Moody, Deseret.

Camp Welfare: R. F. Lambert, Kamas, chairman; S. P. Mickleson, Fountain Green, T. O. Smith, Ogden.



Geology class—Digging fossils, Alpine School

Program Committee: James J. Hickman, Magna, chairman; A. F. Riggs, Tropic, L. G. Lund, Fountain Green, E. L. Crawford, Harriman.

Devotional exercises were held each morning, and every Wednesday the student body gave the program. Music was furnished the camp by a male quartette. A successful Sunday school was maintained for those who remained over Sunday and for special visitors.

Every possible arrangement for the accommodation and comfort of those in attendance was provided. Large army tents housed the students, and a very excellent dining room was maintained with Happy Hodson as cook, assisted by E. C. Sproul, and for those who desired to do their own cooking a camp commissary supplied their wants. The wives and families of the married students were much in evidence, joining in the devotional exercises, and the camp activities. The entire session was unmarred by accident or unpleasant experience, and

the attitude of searching after the secrets of nature was paramount. Along with it was manifest a spirit of fellowship, especially evidenced after the day's work when campfire stories and songs were the order of events.

Plans are in operation for a larger, broader and more extended school next year. Every student expressed himself with



DEVOTIONAL SERVICES AT ASPEN GROVE

Dr. and Mrs. Widtsoe, President F. S. Harris, and members of Provo Kiwanis Club, in attendance.—Alpine School

having experienced the most valuable period of his school experience, and each one returned with increased physical strength, a broader attitude toward life, and greater faith in God, for having studied his handiwork in its primeval grandeur.
Provo, Utah

Greed

To be always getting, and hoarding and planning
 A way to grasp more, with eyes never scanning
 The day to perceive another's due need,
 Doth fill well the mouth of insatiable greed.
 To be always getting and never once giving,
 Ah me! such a life would not be worth the living,
 But like unto some stagnant pool must appear
 With depths growing deadlier year after year.

Grace Ingles Frost.



No one can doubt the stability of this house; but if we consider beauty and hominess, there is much to be desired

Town and City Planning

By F. S. Harris, President of the Brigham Young University

Have you ever noticed how your estimate of people is influenced by the appearance of the town in which they live? If anyone tells me he is from Cleveland, I immediately think of Euclid Avenue and place a mark to his credit. A number of years ago when I met a person from Kansas City I instinctively thought of the old station, with its crowds and dirt and of that uneven part of town with narrow streets which has since been turned over largely to the wholesale district. A person from the newer Kansas City occupies an entirely different place in my regard than one from the old city, even though the two might be the same person.

We are all judged to an extent by our dwelling place and yet some people seem to be entirely unconscious of civic beauty or the lack of it. I know men who have built expensive homes and who have a pride in their immediate surroundings and yet who do not seem to take the least interest in the town as a whole. They remind me a good deal of a Mexican who came to our farm in rags and wanted work. He was given a twelve dollar contract cutting corn. He spent ten dollars of his pay for a fancy beaver hat and the other two dollars for food. He went away holding his head high with pride because of the new hat, quite unconscious of dilapidated shoes and holes in his trousers at knees and seat.

In like manner some cities are proud of their single beauty spot and seem content to let other places remain in dilapidation and filth. They do not seem to realize that an eyesore even though surrounded by beauty is conspicuous. They neglect the psychology that causes an observer to remember a piece of egg that is allowed to remain on a necktie much longer than the fine clothes its owner may be wearing.

There are some towns that remain in my memory principally because of broken down gates, pillows stuffed in broken windows, weeds in the street, dirty corrals next the main streets, and other evidences of lack of individual and civic pride.

Carelessness is rapidly giving way to a new pride that



Top left: An unsightly yard in town. A breeder of flies and an eyesore to all who pass. These filthy places should be driven from our towns.

Top right: A desolate house of this kind without lawn, shrubs or trees detracts from the beauty of any town. Places of this kind should not be tolerated.

Bottom left: A neat market in a zoned city.

Bottom right: The house is only part of the home. Shrubs, flowers and trees all help to make it attractive.

extends beyond our own doorsteps. Our interest is extending to the entire community and in the future we shall not tolerate conditions that went uncondemned yesterday.

The care that has so long been used in planning houses is now used in planning cities. Of the cities built in the future we shall not be able to say what has been said of the older parts

of Boston and Baltimore, that a cow made a trail and this determined the course of the street.

The towns settled by the Latter-day Saints were laid out according to a definite plan and as a result they are orderly in their street arrangement. They have a fine foundation, but many of them have failed to take advantage of many of the modern developments in town building, and as a result some of our towns are unpleasingly shabby. We fail to follow an early injunction (Doc. and Cov. 82:14), "For Zion must increase in beauty and holiness; her borders must be enlarged; her stakes must be strengthened; yea, verily I say unto you, Zion must arise and put on her beautiful garments."

We have taken upon ourselves to be leaders in all that is "lovely or of good report or praiseworthy." This includes the beautification of our towns and cities and the making of them pleasant places for ourselves and our visitors. In some places we are doing this, but in others we are failing miserably. We must all get together to help Zion to put on her beautiful garments.

The movement for the better planning of cities and their more complete beautification is making itself felt in all parts of the United States. The 15 largest cities and 57 of the 100 next largest cities of the country are doing definite city planning. In 113 cities some city planning is under way. Massachusetts, California, and Pennsylvania are the states that are in the lead in this movement, although over 30 states of the United States have some laws pertaining to city planning. In Canada nearly all of the provinces provide for this planning. The Canadian Government has also interested itself extensively in rural planning. Its Commission of Conservation in 1917 published a very fine book on Rural Planning and Development under the able authorship of Thomas Adams, town planning adviser of the Commission.

Modern city planning concerns itself with six main problems: (1) street systems, (2) transit system, (3) transportation, (4) public recreation, (5) zoning, and (6) civic art. Each one of these is important, and each has many complex aspects in the larger cities. In the smaller towns the question is simpler but no less important.

Zoning is receiving much attention of late, and many cities are wisely passing zoning ordinances. These usually provide three kinds of regulations, which affect (1) the uses of property and buildings; (2) the height of buildings; and (3) the size and arrangement of buildings on lots and open spaces about such buildings. A zoning ordinance will encourage like types

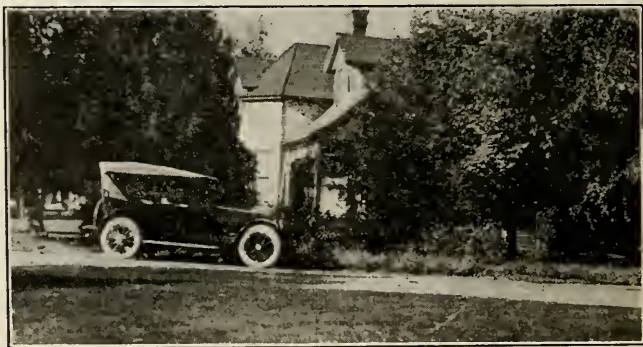
of structures within districts to be determined in accordance with their most natural fitness. It makes it impossible for an unsightly factory to be erected in a residence district where it would depreciate the value of every residence in the district.

Factories, railroads, and other industrial enterprises are necessary and have a definite place in our civil life, but if they occur in the wrong place they may be a great source of annoyance and may cause great money loss by the depreciation of property. A spot of oil received while greasing an automobile would not injure a pair of overalls, whereas it might ruin a palm beach suit. Everything should be kept in a place where it can be of most use and this includes the various elements that go toward making up a city.

A number of our American cities are now making very fine zoning arrangements. Cleveland recently established Cleveland Heights, a fine residence district; Patterson, N. J., has 4 residence zones, 2 business districts, and a light and heavy industrial district.

Although most of our Utah communities are small and the difficulties arising from industrial expansion have not become acute, still we find a few eye-sores in our front yards, and now is the time to give the question consideration. We should plan to zone our industries and we should plan to keep the rest of our cities so beautiful that we feel a glow of pride when we acknowledge that it is our city.

The shade trees planted by our grandparents are not enough. Some of them need cutting down; many more trees



A house of this kind with its plantings adds to the beauty of any town

should be planted. Ornamental shrubs need to be planted by the thousands in practically all of our communities. Old fences ought to be torn down; and paint by the hundreds of gallons should be applied. We need hundreds of miles of cement curb and gutters in our larger towns, and provisions for parking should be made everywhere.

A person in Utah cannot but feel a sense of pride at the fine work done in Logan in getting uniform shade trees on its streets. The work done in Payson in converting the thicket of a creek bank into a fine city park is most commendable, and the interest in beautification recently taken by St. George gives satisfaction to all who are anxious to see Zion made beautiful.

Let these be examples to all our communities. I hope that our Mutual Improvement Associations will become veritable centers of activity to make our communities so beautiful and attractive that they may be used as an example by all the world.

Provo, Utah

Supplication

Oh, Lord, I pray Thee to lead me
 In the path of duty and right.
 That in true faith I may serve Thee.
 My armor may ever be bright!
 Powers of evil and darkness
 May I have strength to resist!
 Bless me, I pray Thee, my Savior,
 In righteousness may I assist!

Trials of life are great burdens
 To those without faith in a God.
 Faith in our blessed Redeemer
 Gives strength to pass under the rod.
 Bless me, I pray Thee, my Savior,
 That my faith may ever be strong;
 That it may guide and direct me,
 Far away from evil and wrong!

Bless me, I pray Thee, my Savior,
 That I all biddings may do;
 That in the cause of my Master
 I may always prove valiant and true.
 This prayer I offer in fervor
 To Israel's most Holy One,
 That I may receive this plaudit:
 "You've been faithful, my blessed son."

R. R. Tanner

Vengeance is Mine

By Orville S. Johnson

"Now, George dear, if you go feeling like this, you'll be sorry. President Young said there must be no thought of revenge, or blood would be shed that should remain in some young man's veins to keep him alive."

"But mother, think of it! Children left homeless, fatherless, and motherless. Even lifeless!"

"But son, think not of what has been done, but of what might be done if we disobey those placed by God in authority over us. God will revenge us. He has said, too, "Judge not," and you are not obeying that divine law. Think it over and ask God to help you do the right thing. If your feelings don't change you ought not to go."

"Not go! Mother, would you have me a coward! Think what my friends would say. What would Jess think if I shirked when men are wanted to protect and make our homes safe? And wouldn't Clem have a good target to hit in front of Jess. He thinks as much of her now as I do, and if he gets a chance I'll be a single man without a family all my life. Mother, I have got to go."

"Besides, President Young is only a man, after all, and as apt to misjudge as anybody. If something is not done to show those red devils their places we might as well begin digging our individual graves at once. We'll need them, almost before we get them made. It's all right to keep people obedient, but it's all wrong to let them all get killed merely because some man has an idea that there is a danger of the Red race becoming extinct if too many red blooded young men go after the murdering devils."

"Don't, George! It would kill me now if anything should happen to you after talking like this. Please, oh please! try to calm down for my sake, if nothing else!" And Mrs. Everett in sobs threw two eager arms around her son.

"There, there, little mother, don't try to make a baby boy of me. You know I will do nothing that is wrong, if I can help it. I'll try for your sake to hold myself, even if I do feel different than I act. Don't you worry, mother, I'll be all right."

* * *

"You are sure that Captain Andrews is camped out there?"

"That's as near as I can make it out on this map. But we won't need his help in this matter. After all that fuss and alarm this thing is turning out to be rather amusing. Only two Indians did a lot of figuring to get away as far as they could, after doing what they did. But they're dead Indians as soon as I see them."

"That's another reason why I think we should inform Andrews of what we are doing. We have had special instructions to do so, and under no circumstances to do any fighting alone."

"That's all food for weaklings. We're men, not babies. I for one am able to look after myself and the rest of you, too, if necessary, if only we can manage to teach those rascals a lesson. If we kill both of them it will be a long time before two more will try anything like that. I'm going to stick to their trail until I find them. If you will take the advice of a man who is full of righteous anger, and not to be blinded by mere ideas that have never been tested, then follow me."

The three elder members of the party held a short consultation which resulted in their following Everett, more in order to protect him than as a duty. They realized that men with greater experience than theirs had worked on the present problem, and that they had arrived at a correct solution. In their hearts was a great desire to keep the young man from harm. They loved him. Everybody did. He was the life of the settlement, but always treated advice with the contempt of the fiery youth. And it was with a fervent hope that the Indians were beyond reach that they slowly started forward on the plain trail, made the day before by two horses.

Everett was so eager to find their prey, however, that in order to avoid another argument with him, they were forced to quicken their pace. Hope that the Indians had escaped began to grow toward night when the trail turned from its canyon course, across a desert, which all knew ended at the Colorado river. That there would be a crossing there none of them doubted. And that night three old men were pleased and smiled within, because the trail had not turned, and the river was only one day's riding.

At noon the following day the party halted beside a small stream to rest their horses and refresh themselves. The trail still led toward the river. Everett was downcast. He longed for some swift means of travel. He knew that all his efforts would end in vain if the Indians knew they were followed. But if they thought not, perhaps there was yet a chance that they would turn again to do some plundering or hunting before leaving invaded territory. Before eating his light lunch he walked a short distance ahead to a small knoll. Climbing it.

he observed tracks made earlier. Moccassined feet had been ahead of him. Touching one of them he almost gasped with astonishment. The dirt was soft. They couldn't be over an hour old. Quickly he scanned the country about, but saw nothing except a rough, rugged country that marked the beginning of the "roughs" before reaching the river.

He said nothing of his discovery to his companions, but made as quick a get-a-way as was possible. He wanted to find out whether or not the Indian who had used the knoll for a look-out had seen anything to arouse his suspicions; and it was with racing pulses that he found no signs of hurry in the trail of the horses past the knoll.

It was dusk when they reached the edge of the "roughs," and their horses were tired. No evidence had been found that their foes suspected them and Everett had every reason to believe that night would see him victor.

At the rim which marked the beginning of the bad lands, the party halted. The trail had suddenly ended. Everett was disappointed; the others, doubtful of how to feel. Leaving the remainder of the party, Everett rode back on their trail. Only a short distance away he signalled for them to follow. He had found the trail, and it led along the brink, and not over it.

At the first little stream they halted for the night. Everett seemed to fear that they would pass their prey without knowing it. As soon as it was light enough to see well, however, they were again on the trail, urged forward by Everett.

One short hour's travel brought them to their goal. The Indians had turned again toward the rim following an antelope trail. They had reached the bottom of the first small ridge leading down the mountain, and were ascending it in order to descend upon the "Hog's Back." It was then that Everett saw them.

Shouting to his companions to wait, he urged his horse down the ridge. The Indians heard him. They needed no interpreter to tell them what was expected of them. One shot from Everett's rifle did that.

The bullet hit one horse between the hips, just behind the saddle. He dropped upon his belly, giving the Indian time to roll off his back before rolling over himself.

The other Indian stopped, dismounted, and just as Everett stopped halfway up their ridge, they shot him. Not with rifles. They feared the noise. Already one shot had warned any one near that someone else was in the vicinity.

Both arrows reached their mark, and Everett went rolling

over and over down the ridge he had so eagerly climbed! His horse was left uncertain what to do!

Almost before he had stopped rolling the Indians had reached him. What the feelings of the men watching the swiftly moving drama were, I can only guess, just as the reader must. But unpleasant sensations are aroused when I think of the swift, silent strokes of the knife as a human scalp was removed. I shudder as I think of the tortured body of one of humanity's finest specimens.

The Indians left him there, taking his horse and scalp as payment for an attempt upon their lives, and the life of one of their horses. His friends buried him in silence. In their hearts they knew that his punishment was just. They did not know how it had happened, but they did know that the Indians that he had tried to kill were not the ones they had started after. They were not Navajoes, but friendly Utes. And they knew, too, that Everett knew he was wrong, and had only tried to force himself to feel that the man who had brought the reports had been mistaken in saying the Indians were Navajoes.

It was many years later when I saw the lone grave, but it still bears the air of tragedy. At one end is a small cedar post upon which are the words, *Killed by Indians*; at the other end is a round sand stone upon which is inscribed the words, *George Everett*, and immediately under those, *Vengeance is Mine*.

Alone on the Mountain

I sit alone on the mountain	They moan of fires, all-destroying,
Above the desert sand	That burn by night and day,
And hear the tales of the pine trees	Oft caused from campfires of people
That round about me stand.	Who blithely go their way.
They shout glad tidings of sunrise,	They roar of nights that are dark-
Of joys throughout the day;	some
They whisper beauties of sunset	O'er canyons deep and wide;
When Light goes on its way.	Of flash and crash of the lightning
	On mountain top and side.
They murmur pleasures of landscape,	They howl of rain and the storm
Of vistas far and near;	clouds,
They call the birds of the forest,	Of hail and ice and snow;
And beasts that have no fear.	They mock the wind as it whistles
	And through their tops doth blow.
They chant of flowers and green	They praise the wise All-Father
things	Who sits enthroned above
That grow upon the ground;	And gives to all creation
They sing a song of thanksgiving	Full measure of His love.
For beauty all around.	

Soldier Camp, Catalina Mountains (Tucson, Arizona). G. Milton Babcock

A Smiling Business

By Lester G. Herbert

The Chinese have a proverb which contains within its short word limit, a vast deal of wisdom. These ancient people say, "He who cannot smile ought not to keep a shop."

Just look around among your friends and acquaintances who are in business, and for the fun of the thing make this test. Take a sheet of white paper, and on the one side rule off two broad columns. Head the first column "Smiling Businesses," and the second, "Smiling Proprietors." Turn the page over and rule the other side in exactly the same way. Head one column, "Gloomy Businesses," and the other column, "Gloomy Proprietors."

Now start down the street which you know best, and honestly tabulate all of the businesses and all of the men who are at the heads of them. You will be surprised to find that invariably businesses which are in a happy, smiling, prosperous condition, are presided over by those who are cordial and genial.

Some people interpret courtesy to mean exaggerated, even stilted, politeness. As a result, they make people uncomfortable and self-conscious. There is not an ease, a cordiality, and an interested friendliness which awakens an answering glow of pleasure.

You have approached such business people yourself, who prided themselves on their extreme courtesy, and yet who were so indirect in their methods, and ponderous in their mental processes, that in a few minutes the nervous tension was communicated to the customer, who at once began to feel bored and ill at ease.

The next man you called upon was ready with a genuine smile—not a made-up one. He was honestly interested and eager to get your point of view that he might serve you just as you wanted to be served. You have enjoyed going back there again and again. You list this without question as a Smiling Business and a Smiling Proprietor.

The man who is too busy to smile, or who permits himself to be too greatly irritated by small annoyances, and large ones too for that matter, so that he cannot smile, may think that he

is working his fingers to the bone. He isn't. He is using up his nerve force and that of everybody around him.

Smile if you have to take a series of facial calisthenic exercises before your mirror every morning. Learn to smile by going among smiling people. Attend pleasing entertainments. Read humorous books and periodicals and cultivate the habit of seeing the genuinely funny in every situation. Do not do this with the idea of being sarcastic or of making people uncomfortable by making fun of them, for that will never make friends. What I mean is to learn to indulge the inward chuckle which starts at one's heart and just ripples outward, touching the edge of the whole day.

Smile whether you feel like it or not, and after a while you will really feel like it, and the day which started out so drab and chill, will be brightened by genuine sunshine. If you positively cannot smile, and the most skilful surgeon you can find declares he cannot perform an operation which will permit you to smile, then take it for granted that Nature never intended you would be a storekeeper, or in any line of business in which you would come in personal contact with the public.

There are some callings in which the very serious individual can get along nicely. The undertaking business is one of them. In the meantime, while you are still in the retail field, or dealing with live folks, smile. Your response will be a great deal more satisfactory and you will be happier yourself.

Plant a smile, and you will reap a crop of smiles; plant a frown, and thistles and tares will spring up and entangle your pathway. Give your employees the benefit of your sunny side. Let your children and family know you at your best. Let your friends appreciate your truly genial and kindly side. Do not save your smiles for the occasional or chance acquaintance. Give your best where it will mean most!

Auburn, N. Y.

An Evening Prayer

Lord, I thank thee for the light thou hast kept within my sight,
I am grateful unto thee, for thy gospel message free.
Let thy Spirit point the way through the night and coming day,
Guide, Oh, guide me all the way.

Chorus:

Let thy Spirit's wondrous power lead me in the truth each hour,
May my footsteps always be safely planted, Lord, with thee.

May thy whispering Spirit lead, guide me in the hour of need;
Help, O help me on the way, through the night and coming day,
Keep me from the tempter's snare, guide me safely everywhere,
Blessed Savior, hear my prayer.

Moab, Utah

Francis M. Shafer

The Drunk

By *Fred L. W. Bennett*

He was about middle age and of medium height and, dressed as he was in overalls, a casual observer would have taken him for an honest workman. As he appeared to want to speak to the proprietor of the establishment with whom I was talking I stepped to one side, thinking it was one of his men seeking an order. "Oh, don't go away," said the newcomer, "I want to talk to you, too." He seemed a little nervous and incoherent but not conspicuously so. Then he whispered something to my companion that I did not catch, and he replied very promptly: "You are drunk!"

"Yes," was the simple acknowledgement.

"Where did you get it?" was asked.

"From Bill Jones," was the instant reply. (Jones is not the real name.)

"Just come out of jail, haven't you?" was the next inquiry, which was answered by another simple and unhesitating "yes." "Well, I shall give you nothing," said the business man. "You would only get drunk again."

Although there was something about the fellow that seemed to convey a hint of better days and even refinement, in a vague sort of way, I don't think I have ever seen a human being so degraded as he. I have read Count Tolstoi's account of the beggars at Moscow before the Revolution and of the beggars in the Holy City, but I doubt whether any of them had become more dehumanized than the specimen before me. No doubt the liquor showed him up to the worst disadvantage. Seeing that we were both young men, and my companion, in particular, was a very robust fellow, the man started other tactics.

"I want to get some money for a boxer," he mumbled. "He is to fight—(the name was not distinct)—and is out of work with nothing to eat—give me a quarter."

He kept asking for a quarter or "the price" after every sentence like a parrot, and the light from his bleary eyes and the smell of the rubbish he had been drinking was enough to make one sick.

Not with a view to getting information but as an idle whim, I asked the fellow what had brought him to his present plight and if he had always been in that condition. To the as-

tonishment of us both the wretch suddenly pulled himself together. Looking us squarely in the face he said:

"As a little boy I wore a big, white collar and went to Sunday school. My father kept a big clothing store, and I had all the comforts and luxuries a child should have. At the age of fourteen I was sent away from home to school. I got in with a set of boys who smoked, and, of course, I had to smoke, too. We smoked a lot for boys of our age and thought ourselves regular fellows. Then one day one of the boys bought a bottle of whisky which we drank in the hills. It seemed great fun, and we naturally got more the first opportunity. With several of those boys I was eventually sent home as a bad boy, but although father got me into another school I never made good. I could not give up my old habits. So I was sent home again and shortly after ran away from home and never returned. In the years that have passed I have been through a great deal and each experience has dragged me a little lower until you see me as I am today, a miserable outcast."

There was absolute silence. I looked at my companion and he had turned slightly pale. The man who had been speaking surveyed us with the critical eye we had bestowed upon him when he first accosted us.

"But who cares?" he asked, almost in a shout. "Who cares? I am one of the failures, that's all! I lost out whilst others conquered." His tone was ironic now. He was no longer on the defensive although he continued to depreciate himself. "I am so foul that society does not want me any longer and yet does not know what to do with me," he hissed. "You call yourselves gentlemen, I suppose, but the difference between us is due only to an accident. If you had had the same temptation I had, you might have been in the same position. "Curse your respectability. It is only a cloak to hide your selfishness and cowardice. You think of nothing but self whilst prating about your charities and benevolence. I would not have been where I am today, grovelling at your feet, if it had not been for this — cigarette and that cursed whisky!" He smashed the cigarette he was holding to the floor and stamped on it savagely. "You let vultures poison the bodies and corrupt the minds and morals of the young people in the name of personal liberty! Bah! Liberty to drive people to hell—that's what they have. But who cares? Who cares anyway for the opinion of an old drunken jail bird like me? I am not fit to be on the streets much less tell gentlemen how to run the government.—Goodbye and — you!"

The fellow seemed to have worked himself drunk again. He staggered out of the store and into the street. We stood

looking after him for a full minute as men in a dream. Then, extending my hand to the merchant I murmured something and went out. Two blocks away I saw the drunk again talking to some one and as I hurried past hoping that I would not be recognized, I heard him say, "Mister—won't—you give me—the price."

My Golden Hours

When I see my children awaken
 To the light of another day,
 With rosy cheeks and shining eyes
 And hurry away to play;
 When I hear their merry laughter
 Outside among the flowers,
 'Tis then I'm supremely happy—
 These are my golden hours.

When I watch them greeting their daddy
 With kisses and clinging arms,
 My cup of happiness overflows
 And life has a million charms.
 When one has been sick and smiles again,
 I praise all the Unseen Powers
 For sparing again that joy of joys—
 These are my golden hours.

And when at night they are safe in bed
 With their touseled heads in sight,
 I thankfully kneel by their sleeping forms
 And kiss them all good night.
 Then daddy comes in to join me there
 And the kisses fall in showers,
 Ah, never was mortal so blest as I—
 These are my golden hours.

R 2, Shelley, Idaho

Agnes Just Reid.

Kindness

One of the greatest gifts, to my mind,
 Is the gracious gift of being kind.
 Whether at home, in business, or school,
 Make it a habit, make it a rule
 To greet each one with a pleasant smile;
 Show thoughtful interest, you'll find it worth while.

At the critical age of a tender young mind,
 Suggestions and sympathy from one who is kind
 Can do more toward shaping a useful career
 Than harsh criticism, or forcing with fear.
 Who would teach others, must learn self-control.
 Kindness, with firmness, enlightens the soul.

Ruth M. Penrose

Just Common Things

*J. E. Greaves, Ph. D., Prof. of Bacteriology and Physiological Chemistry,
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I

Common things, unless understood, are not appreciated, as is so well illustrated by the discovery of the diamond fields of South Africa. The story runs that in 1867 a child of a Dutch farmer, Jacobs, found a pretty pebble in a stream in the neighborhood of his home near Hopetown. He brought it to his mother who was impressed by its brightness. Later when in conversation with a visitor at the farm she casually remarked that her son had recently found a beautiful stone. Schalk van Nilkerk, being a thoughtful, intelligent man, expressed a desire to see it, and after some search it was found lying on the ground just outside the house where it had fallen when the child had used it last as a plaything. Van Nilkerk was impressed by its beauty and offered to buy it. Mrs. Jacobs laughed at the idea of selling so common a thing, and at once gave it to the visitor, who put it into his pocket and later turned it over to a trader with the request that he try to ascertain its nature from any trustworthy mineralogist. It was taken to Colesburg and then dispatched by post to Dr. Atherstone of Grahamstown. It was considered of so little value that it was sent by unregistered mail, sealed in an ordinary envelope. Word was later received that it was a diamond, and this plaything of the child sold for \$2,500.

This discovery caused a great sensation and everyone commenced to search through their backyards for diamonds. The search was often crowned with success, and we are told that one farmer was surprised to find diamonds actually imbedded in the walls of his house which had been built of mud from a nearby pond.

Most individuals on strolling through a field, meadow, or forest on a warm spring day have been amazed by the number and varieties of animals crawling, hopping, running, and flying about. The observant individual has also noted the number and variety of plants which cover the soil. While contemplating this seething mass of life one may recall that the number of species of catalogued animals is nearing the millions, that the species of insects belonging to one family are as numerous

as the countable stars in the heavens on a clear night, that the number of specimens of plants are measured by the tens of thousands, and that the invisible forms of plant and animal life are even more numerous than the visible. While thus contemplating the great number and variety of living forms upon the earth one involuntarily exclaims, "How common is life." But let us examine just a few of these many forms of life and see then what the exclamation becomes.

We all recognize that there are no two men exactly alike. The rancher tells us that he has no two cattle alike, the sheepherder that he has no two sheep alike, the botanist that there are no two leaves or blades of grass alike, the entomologist that there are no two insects alike, and now the biologist tells us that the proteins composing the tissues of one animal are different from the proteins composing the other animals. Or in other words, individuality goes back to the proteins making up the tissues of each specific cell. True, all proteins are composed of the same nineteen blocks, amino-acids, but these are arranged in different combinations. At first sight it may appear that the number of possible combinations is not sufficient to meet the needs of all, but we need only remember that there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet; yet the number of possible words which can be constructed from them are infinite. In a like manner the number of possible proteins which can be constructed from their building blocks, the amino-acids, are limitless.

Three seeds placed side by side do not appear far different, but we plant them in the soil. Soon they are fanned into active life by the kind rays of the sun. Three tiny plants appear above the ground. Each has sent its tiny roots into the same earth and collected from it the same elements. All by means of their tiny leaves have gathered the same rays from the sun, all have gathered the same gases from the same atmosphere. But one produces a weed, poisonous alike to man and animal; the second a beautiful flower, its parts symmetrically built and touched with the most delicate colors which nicely blend into each other, and the surrounding air is laden from it with a delicate perfume. The plant from the third is slower in maturing than the others, but it also grows in the same soil and in the same air but produces a delicious fruit which may far surpass any of the delicacies produced by man.

Each seed has produced a very different plant and each plant is producing miracles viewed even in the light of modern science. With their leaves they are gathering light and carbon dioxide, with their roots they are drinking in water. All three are brought together in the cell, the laboratory of the

master chemist. Here the nicely vibrating rays of ultra violet light force carbon dioxide to part with its oxygen to take up water and become a sugar. This condenses with itself and we have starch, woody fiber, and the many other carbohydrates. Still other parts mysteriously take up nitrogen, and we have protein, the basic constituent of living protoplasm.

Each plant when grown to maturity produces seeds which are characteristic of the specific plant. These are constructed so they can withstand adverse conditions which would readily kill the growing plant. Moreover, many of them have nice adaptations by which they can travel to new soil, as all individuals realize who have watched the wind pick up the dandelion seed and carry it from place to place. Nor do they depend alone upon the wind, as all can testify who have strolled on an autumn day through a weed patch and noted the number and variety of seeds which were clinging to the clothing.

The miracles of life are more intensified when we turn from the plant to the animal. Sufficient study will give one a knowledge of man-made engines. But how about the living dynamo? Has man yet ever constructed anything half as complicated or half as marvelous as the little red ant? The living animal is often likened to a magnet, a dynamo, or an engine. But this similarity is only superficial. A magnet grows by picking up iron, but the living cell picks up dissimilar substances and transforms them into living tissue. An engine gets from 10 to 15 per cent of the energy of its fuel in a useful form. The living cell obtains from 20 to 100 per cent of its energy in a useful form. The man-made engine can use its fuel only for the production of energy. The living engine can not only liberate energy in the form of heat, light, and electricity, and use it in productive work, in laughter, or in play, but it also builds from its fuel the very engine. The combustion is not a rapid conflagration in the main firebox which soon reaches its height and quickly dies down. But the combustion in the living organism occurs in each minute cell, and the energy is nicely liberated to meet the needs of the living engine. This combustion we used to say was due to the cell, but recent advances in chemistry and biology have made it possible to push back the mantle which surrounds the cell and to gather some of the tools with which life acts. With these tools, the enzymes, scientists today are producing wonders. But how different are their action while in the living cell as compared with the dead cell or the test tube of the chemist! In the living cell each reaction is nicely timed to meet all other reactions and to meet the requirements of the living animal. Old tissue is torn out; new is made to take its place. The foods are systematically

fragmented so the energy is nicely liberated to meet the needs of the living organisms. However, when the master of ceremonies, life, departs each enzyme works independent of the others. They pull and they tear until they destroy their very home. It is as if they are vying with each other to see which can do the most damage. During life they are like a group of dancers, each in step with the other, but when we separate them from the music, life, each dances independent of the other, and we lose that marvelous rhythm which is characteristic of life.

Hence, after examining living plants and animals we again exclaim, "How common," but we involuntarily add, "How marvelous." Moreover, such an examination begets in the mind of man a reverence which is akin to worship, and we can readily understand how Dr. Hodges of Princeton could have said in all solemnity, just before the performing of an experiment, "Boys, remove your hats. I am going to ask God a question."

Logan, Utah

Nicotine for Rats and Men

By Will H. Brown

In a well known city are two manufacturing plants. One makes a rat poison, sure to kill, on every package of which are these words: "This is Pure Nicotine." The other establishment manufactures cigars and cigarettes, also containing "pure nicotine," but not advertised as poison. One product kills rats and the other kills men and boys. One kills quickly, the other slowly.

A five-year old boy found a fragment of a cigar in a discarded coat, swallowed it, and died within a few minutes.

Tobacco is killing men and boys all over the world, by the slow process of nicotine poison, thus prolonging the suffering, instead of making short work of it, as in the case of rats. Why not have a law requiring that every package of cigarettes be labeled as pure poison—likewise every cigar, and every plug, or sack of tobacco?

If this were done, the tobacco men would complain of depression in their business more than they are doing. In order to stimulate sales there has been such a slashing of prices on cigarettes as to arouse practically every organ of the trade to a serious discussion of the subject. The *Tobacco Record* says the situation has become so critical through price-cutting that it has "so thoroughly demoralized the trade in at least three states (mentioning Wisconsin and Minnesota), that there has been serious talk among the dealers of taking such ill-advised action as to join hands with the enemies of tobacco in seeking the passage of laws that would prohibit the sale of cigarettes in their respective states.

Oakland, Cal.

Doing Common Things in an Uncommon Way

A study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A. 1922-23

By Dr. George H. Brimhall, President Emeritus Brigham Young University

Lesson IV—Believing

Belief is the product of evidence, interest, and will.

There is a psychological truth wrapped up in the saying, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." We are often deceived as to the honesty of our beliefs. We find ourselves believing in the direction of our interests right against evidence, and by applying a little common thinking to our believing we find that interest is the predominating element in some of them.

Three Kinds of Believing

1. *Believing with a reasonable doubt.* This kind of believing is unfinished and may be called hope-believing, as hope temporarily fills the place of evidence not yet produced. This incomplete believing is unsafe as material upon which to base an important decision. It should always be put on the waiting list as an applicant for a leading role in the drama of our lives. Courts of justice bar it as unfit for any part of a final verdict.

2. *Believing with the possibility of a doubt.* Here the mind is in a state of unsatisfied certainty. The possibility of error somewhere causes a hesitancy, and shadows of doubt hover in the mind, and we are at the point where we can say, "In all probability this is true, but there is a possibility of its not being true." This form of belief is strong, but not safe for great issues. The possibility of a doubt is a bar to a capital punishment verdict.

3. *Believing without the possibility of a doubt.* At this point belief is crystalizing into knowledge. Doubt has all vanished; its place has been filled by conviction of its existence. Neither mist nor shadow remains, and one can say, "I cannot doubt in this case." On such a belief only can important issues be safely decided.

Special Fields for Uncommon Believing

1. *Believing against immediate interests.* It is uncommon for employers to believe that profiteering on the toil of men

should be reckoned with, as a form of human enslavement, and it is very uncommon for employees to believe that loafing on the employer's time should be dealt with as down-right dishonesty.

2. *Believing in doing what is right and letting the consequences follow.* This high grade, uncommon believing is specific; it is not a blanket form of believing, it is a conviction that fits the events of each hour. The person who believes this believes it for *himself now*. Now, now all the time. Not simply sometime, and for somebody else; he believes it without the possibility of a doubt, *i.e.*, he cannot doubt if he tries.

3. *Believing in ourselves in the midst of failure.* What this means is wonderfully set forth in Kipling's "If." The whole poem is worth a place in the memory of anyone who believes in doing common things in an uncommon way. When courage dies, we are dead within ourselves. Self encouragement is an indispensable tonic for the stricken soul.

4. *Believing in humanity in spite of its weakness.* To disbelieve in humanity is to disbelieve in oneself. To doubt that the world is getting better is to show an ignorance of history and a doubt in destiny. It would be difficult to find a group of more disobedient children than that of the first family. (See *Pearl of Great Price*, Book of Moses 5:13-27.) A much larger percent of the inhabitants of the earth are worthy of a place in the ark than was saved in the days of Noah. Where would we find a city containing less than five good people?

5. *Believing in God's promises when their fulfilment seems impossible or delayed.* Holding the belief in their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, made it possible for the Israelites to raise large families. Their belief in the promised gathering has held them intact as a race during the long years of their dispersion while deprived of national existence. Holding to a belief in our blessings is part of holding to the faith.

Counting one's blessings should go farther than remembering those we have, and have had; it should include a faith and a recollection of those officially promised to us. Firmly believing in promises, even if it should not prolong life, will make it fuller and stronger while it lasts.

6. *Believing that "virtue is its own reward."* We may miss being rewarded for doing good, but we cannot fail to be rewarded by the good we do.

7. *Believing that vice is its own penalty.* We may evade being punished for our sins, but we cannot escape being punished by them.

8. *Believing that heaven-making is better than heaven-*

hunting. A life of "Here am I, Lord," has much more spiritual enjoyment in it than one of "Where art thou, Lord?"

9. *Believing that the only way to ever have peace is to stop preparing for war.* Paved roads, good schools, public parks and reclaimed deserts are pathways to heaven. Battleships, big guns, army outfits, are highways to the other place.

Questions and Problems

1. On what does our belief depend?
2. What is meant by believing beyond the possibility of a doubt?
3. Discuss the effects on our belief of finding fault (a) with persons, (b) places, (c) institutions.
4. Distinguish between belief and faith. Talmage's *Articles of Faith*, Lecture V, pp. 98-104.
5. Discuss the possibility of the following statistics causing people to believe in "Mormonism" and yet still lack faith:

For the year 1920 birth per thousand were:	
"Mormon" 38	United States 24.4
Marriages per thousand:	
"Mormon" 15.5	United States 9.5
Deaths per thousand:	
"Mormon" 9	United States 15
Divorces per ten thousand:	
"Mormons" 6	United States 11.2

6. What does heaven-making mean to you?
7. Relate the circumstance of Henry Ward Beecher being unusually corrected by Edward Bok, in *Americanization*, (Chapter 8), and tell how Mr. Beecher uncommonly rebuked immodesty of dress, (Chapter 8).

Lesson V.—Desiring

What Desiring is and Does

Desiring is the soul's reach for enjoyment, and that reach may be low or common, or it may be uncommon or high. Common desiring leaves us, at many points, on the border line of animality, where man is "sensual, carnal, and devilish." Uncommon desiring lifts us to the borderland of Divinity in fulfilment of the Beatitude (Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God). Our desires reveal ourselves to ourselves. A man is as he thinks. A man is as he remembers. A man is as he imagines. A man is as he believes; but more still, a man is as he desires.

A Classification of Desires

Desires may be, as to their origin, placed in three groups:

1. Desires of physical origin.
2. Desires of intellectual origin.
3. Desires of habit origin.

Physical Desires. The desire of physical origin (or body-

born) are the natural appetites or cravings for physical preservation, growth and perpetuity. They are good servants but cruel masters. They are capabilities, without which we should cease to live; under which we would live basely, and over which we shall live gloriously.

Intellectual Desires. Desires of intellectual origin include our ambitions for power, position, possession, and condition—the yearnings for the good, the true, and the beautiful, are among the highest desires. As the thinking, remembering, imagining and believing are constantly expanding, the desires of intellectual origin are constantly being modified and multiplied. Every new belief brings with it some modification of an old desire or a newly created one.

Increase of intelligence means extension and elevation of desire.

Habit Desires. All artificial appetites, the desire for company, relatives, associates, and friends, are of this type. The lone man on the island is fittingly made to say, "Society, friendship and love, I long for your charms, but in vain. O, had I the wings of a dove, how soon I would taste you again." The desire for locality comes in this class. So intense is this yearning in some cases that, if not gratified, it causes physical decline and even death. Homesickness is no imaginative ailment. The desire for a return of the good old times is one of habit origin. The desire for recurrence of pleasurable experiences might claim admission into all three of these classes, but habit has the strongest claim upon it. Uncontrolled, it hurts happiness to death, and pursues joy to its destruction.

Controlling our desires. Desiring beyond the law is all too common. Our first step then in control of desire is a mental refusal to desire beyond the law of righteousness. Desiring beyond this law is breaking the Tenth commandment, which contains the psychological essence of the four preceding ones. No one deliberately lies without coveting something. Stealing is always antedated by an unlawful desire. To desire sex relationship out of wedlock is mentally robbing someone of chastity.

Some Uncommon Desiring

1. *Desiring to have righteous desires.* Upon this desire is based the possibility of meriting the promises in the Beatitude, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

2. *Desiring the power to control our desires.* This desire is one of the ascending steps toward the rank of greatness. (See Proverbs 16:32.)

3. *Desiring for faith.* The faith that brings with it the comfort depicted in the 23rd Psalm; the faith that brings the assurance expressed in Job 19:25; the faith that enabled a veteran Latter-day Saint always to say in the face of seeming unfairness and dark misunderstandings, "God is just, and 'Mormonism' is true."

4. *Desiring to serve.* (a) To serve God by yielding to him the obedience of confidence, as did the first man after the Fall. (See *Pearl of Great Price*, Book of Moses 5:6). (b) To serve humanity by helping persons and institutions with kind words and courageous work.

5. *Desiring that other peoples' joys may be equal to those I enjoy.* That they may have just as good possessions, just as much popularity, just as good opportunities, just as good everything, as I have.

6. *Desiring to do common things in an uncommon way.* Desire to make the self uncommon where it is common, by being at one's best and doing one's best.

Questions and Problems

1. In making a psycho-analysis of a person's character, which would be of most value, knowledge of their thoughts, of their beliefs, or of their desires? Give reasons for your choice.
2. Which shows our character most, the kind of people with whom we associate or the kind with whom we like to associate? Why?
3. What is meant by taking a mental stand against letting a desire go beyond the law?
4. What does it mean to "hunger and thirst after righteousness"?
5. Why would it be impossible for a person of impure desire to even desire to see God?
6. Which in your opinion is most desirable desire?
7. What uncommon thing did Edward Bok do to get women to read newspapers? (Chapter 10.)

Lesson VI—Willing

Explanation and Definition

The word willing in this lesson is not a participle, it is a verb. It means something more than assent or acquiescence, or compliance. It means striking and holding to some purpose. It is more than purpose, it is purpose plus determination to execute or accomplish. It is the self, or I, commanding or directing the self as *me*. When one says "I will," it is equivalent to saying to himself, "you shall."

Willing is free agency in action.

Some Common Forms of Willing

1. *Willing with an impulse.* This is a method which characterizes an explosive will. Like the "hasty spark" that calls

it forth, explosive willing is short lived. The explosive will never hesitates. It calls into lines the executive forces either to help, hinder, or hurt, on dangerously short notice. It waits not upon deliberation, but rushes off at the call of snap judgment. Willing from impulse is. uneconomic as it wastes times and energy by making retraction and reparations unreasonably necessary.

2. *Willing without a sense of responsibility.* This is careless willing—a sort of half-hearted determination. The expression, "I guess I'll do it," has behind it this state of mind, it indicates mental flabbiness.

3. *Willing with an interest.* There is a kind of common willing that is wed to some special interest, in which case real will is only fifty percent of the procedure. The sentence, "I will do it just because I want to", expresses the state of mind in this kind of willing.

4. *Willing with a habit.* When a person can give no other explanation for a choice of action than that he is in the habit of it, it is plain that he willed with a habit, that the habit has him instead of his having the habit.

5. *Willing with the crowd.* Who has not had the I-will-if-you-will state of mind. This is a sort of social willing, lacking in courage. It is a kind of mental leaning on the other fellow. In it there is a lack of erectness and self-rootedness that marks a strong character.

6. *Willing for convenience.* This form of willing is little more than wishing. It may contain intention, but real determination is absent. Persons with wills of convenience will pay a debt if the bill is presented just when they have plenty of money, but at no other time, unless compelled. They will keep a promise if something does not make it inconvenient to do so. They are partly weak and partly wicked.

7. *Willing against belief.* This kind of selfish willing is not only common or low grade, it is contemptible. It is a form of self treason. One who does it needs reminding that "a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." Self confidence is impossible where willing belief is permitted, though there may be in evidence as a substitute an abundance of self conceit.

Uncommon Willing

1. *Willing to claim no privileges at the expense of the rights of others.* This determination has behind it a recognition of the truth that

The road to weal
Is the good square deal.

2. *Willing to subordinate one's will to a superior will.* The very highest kind of free agency is the agency that can subordinate itself with light and love and liberty.

3. *Willing against material interests.* A hotel keeper in California said, "I will vote for prohibition because I believe in it, though I know it will cut down my patronage one-half." This was a case of willing against material interests and revealed a character that lived above self-bribery.

4. *Willing to fight doubt and foster belief; my belief in myself, in my fellowmen and in God.* A resolution full of determination in this direction clears the way for the high and safe standing of one among his fellows and puts one in line for election to the favor of God. (See *Compendium Gems*, page 269).

5. *Willing in the direction of honoring, sustaining, and obeying the law.* We honor the law when we speak well of it. We obey the law when we conform to its provisions, we sustain the law when we advocate and help its enforcement.

6. *Willing to overcome evil with good.* (a) In the inner world by talking good thoughts when evil ones intrude, by recollecting the pleasant when unpleasant memories come, by turning to ideals in the presence of evil imaginations, by getting rid of doubt through business with belief, by escaping low desires then fleeing to high ones.

(b) In the outer world, by turning away wrath with a soft answer, by smiling when things go wrong, by acting bravely when seized by fear, by giving more than half way to make peace with an enemy.

7. *Willing to do less common willing and more uncommon willing.* Of all mental operations, willing is the greatest. It is the apex action of the mind. The person of strong willing has the consciousness of being in the care and under the supervision of something safe.

Questions and Problems

1. What kind of willing is a person guilty of who selfishly says, "I don't believe in it, but I'll do it anyway?"

2. Illustrate willing against material interests.

3. Under which topic in this lesson would the following best fit in?

"Freedom's joy my soul shall thrill

In yileding mine to Father's will."

4. What would you think of a marriage vow that contains the expression, "I will try to be true"?

5. How much money could be borrowed on a note that read, "I promise to try to pay?"

6. Wherein does willing differ from intending?

7. What is your opinion as to the prevalence of a lack of confidence in the power to will effectively?

8. How does just trying to keep the Word of Wisdom affect the power to will?

9. Discuss the difference between willing strongly and being stubborn or obstinate.

10. In what particulars was Edward Bok an uncommon employee? (Chapter 11.)

The Romanies

By D. C. Retsloff

A few weeks ago business forced us to drive along an unfamiliar highway: the shades of night in our eyes and the chill of ocean fog in our marrow.

Our automobile gave a heave like a working volcano, gasped half a dozen times, sighed dejectedly and stopped. When a reasonable amount of coaxing proved of no avail, we left her and wandered on, strangers in a strange land.

An hour later as we rounded a bend, we saw the long flame fingers of a dancing fire in a eucalyptus grove. We left the road and stumbled over the uneven ground into a Gypsy camp.

We asked for a bite to eat and offered to pay for the privilege of sleeping under one of their pieces of canvas.

Did they turn us away? No.

The man to whom we spoke, took us to one of the tents and there a plump, dusky-eyed woman, with cheeks as smooth and brown as a winter russet, gave us dark bread, cheese and goat milk.

Her big, looped, gold ear-rings swung against her blue-black hair as she smiled and showed two rows of even, white teeth. The skin on her round arms glowed like polished mahogany when the sleeves of her green blouse fell open as she tied her blue sash closer around her natural waist.

After we had finished our meal, she took us to another tent. On a feather mattress under heavy blankets, we forgot our business worries, our tired feet and our stalled machine.

Among the Romanies we slept and dreamed of the time when we can borrow a month from the office and roam the sunlit trails, smell the pungent odors from the camp fire and forget the clamoring city where men toil and sweat and cheat and hate.

In the friendliness of the Romanies, camped under the eucalyptus trees, near the unfamiliar highway, we were again reminded of the working principles of the Golden Rule and we acknowledged that no matter what the race or color, the same milk of human kindness flows in all veins.

San Diego, California

Some Common Economic Fallacies

By Prof. W. L. Wanless, of the Utah Agricultural College

On several occasions during his recent visit to Utah, Dr. T. N. Carver, of Harvard University, pointed out the imperative need for clear economic thinking if we are to enjoy industrial progress and stability. That this is true would seem to be self-evident. But to anyone who has studied the history of economic development, the difficulties of getting people to think clearly along economic lines are equally evident. It is with the hope of aiding at least in some measure toward a better understanding of our economic life that the following paragraphs are written.

One of the most persistent and most prevalent delusions, common in all stages of civilization, and especially so in our own, is that human happiness may be attained by merely changing human institutions. From a time at least as early as that of Plato down to our own day, reformers almost without number would have ushered in a Utopia or a millennium by the simple expedient of transforming the character of the institutions of the time. The dismal failure attending all such shortcuts to human happiness teaches a vivid lesson, but it is a lesson lost upon the minds of many a would-be reformer. We should not, of course, fail to appreciate the value and importance of our political, economic, religious, or other institutions. Their places of prominence in the environment of every man and woman is certain to give them influence in shaping human lives. But the reformer who pins his entire faith upon the efficacy of institutions will end by losing his entire faith in man. For it is not by the character of institutions that man can be improved or perfected. Change, if it is to come at all, must be change of our own selves.

The trouble with the thinking of those who would revolutionize society by transforming its institutions is that they reverse the order of things. Except as already noted, institutions do not make a community what it is, but rather they reflect or indicate what it is. If a society is highly developed in any phase of its life, its institutions will show that development. Thus democratic England or America will have social institutions differing widely from those of an aristocratic Russia. The point to be noted is that the development of successful or permanent institutions usually follows and does not precede the

development of the condition they reflect. Where for any reason the former precedes the latter the results are nearly always disappointing. The French Revolution will perhaps remain the classical example of this fallacy, unless that distinction is surrendered to modern Russia. A few years ago in this country, the direct primary was urged as a cure for that political apathy so pronounced among the rank and file of our citizenry. But has it worked? It has not, and is not likely to do so until, by some means, political or civic responsibility has been awakened in the minds of the mass of voters. When that change has come, the institutions reflecting it will come as gradually as the change. What then shall we say to those reformers who would uproot our present political and industrial institutions to supplant them with others requiring by their very nature infinitely greater enlightenment and responsibility on the part of the mass of people than those we already have? To ask the question is to answer it.

Change must come and will come, but it will be through those orderly methods by which all permanent progress has been made. By just what forces these changes will be brought about, there is some difference of opinion. In the opinion of many, it will be through that kind of popular education which will not only make us efficient, but will also teach us to use the results of such efficiency in the interest of all.

It is of course realized that the mania for forced changes in human institutions is not limited to the domain of economics, although most of the changes urged would have important economic consequences. There are, however, other misconceptions that are more purely economic in their bearing and origin.

One of the common grievances against modern labor organizations is that they persistently endeavor to restrict the output, acting upon the mistaken idea that there is only a limited amount of work to be done and that it is good policy for them to make it go as far and pay as much in wages as possible. In recent years, due to the increased strength of labor unions and a wider use of the piece rate system, a new element has been introduced—an evil for which employers are quite as much to blame as labor leaders.

In many cases, where, acting under the stimulus of a possible higher wage, workers have increased their output, employers have deliberately reduced the piece rate. This attitude, coupled with the general antipathy of labor leaders to any system which brings inequality among the rank and file, has served to create an antagonistic attitude against the piece-rate system, unless there is a definite understanding among the union

members that the output shall not exceed a certain designated maximum—a maximum which can be attained by even the mediocre worker. Thus society is deprived of the value of the unusual efficiency and skill of thousands of its most efficient members. In one department of a large electrical manufacturing plant, turning out products used by nearly every family, the maximum output set by the union is about one-fifth what could easily be done by a good workman without any injury to his health or strength. In a Denver plant engaged in making a small tool used in a mining operation, a non-union man was employed. When he began he was green at the work, but he improved rapidly, and in a few days the foreman came to him and told him that he was killing the job. He thought the foreman meant that he was not turning out the tools as fast as he should and he said, "I know I am green at it, but I am gaining. Last week I could make 30 a day, but yesterday I made 35 and I think I will soon make forty." "Good," said the foreman, "25 is the stunt." The men, with the foreman in collusion, were deliberately restricting the output of the shop.

Now, of course, those men thought they were doing something that would benefit other workingmen; what they were really doing was raising the cost of a tool that other workingmen had to buy. To whatever extent that practice pervades industry it enters into the cost of living; it is a drag upon industry and an obstacle to progress. It is economically wrong and morally wrong, and it dwarfs the ability of the workers themselves. No man can be a full man, no man can do himself justice or come into his full powers unless he does his honest best, not merely for his employer, but for the community of which he is a part and which is his real paymaster in the end.

Another self-satisfying delusion, which antedates the science of economics by centuries but still persists, is the "make-work" theory, or the idea held by some of those who have money that they should "put it in circulation" or "make work" for others, even if it leads to gross extravagance. No doubt many a feudal lord has solaced a none too sensitive conscience by this pet theory of the over-rich—especially that class whose riches do not stand for service rendered. The world doesn't need to have work "made" for it; the great problem of society is to save work and to make work more effective in order that there may be a greater supply of comforts for all. If there were a clearer understanding of the part which savings and investments play in the progress of society, and of the fact that unproductive, wasteful expenditures retard that progress, there would be less of the latter. There is much ignorance upon this subject among both the possessors of wealth and their critics. From the

stand-point of the social good, there ought to be little difficulty in deciding as between ten thousand dollars for an elaborate dinner and investing the same amount in a useful productive enterprise. It should be noted, too, that they both "put money in circulation."

Of all the misunderstandings which are rife today, there is perhaps none which is so exploited by the professional agitator as the contention that large private fortunes and large individual incomes are *ipso facto* and unalterably detrimental to society. It is a well-known fact that in this country, as in all modern industrial countries, a very large portion of the wealth is owned by a very small percentage of the people, and a large part of the annual income goes to a small number of persons. Just what the proportions or percentages are is difficult to say, as they fluctuate from year to year. But regardless of the exact figures, it is not at all difficult for the cultivator of class hatred to convince a popular audience that the enormous income of Jones the capitalist represents just so much bread and butter taken from the tables of those whom he is addressing. He fails to add that by far the greater part of these large incomes (before so much was taken through taxation) flows back into and supports the very industries which make our present standard of living possible. No investment can bring profits to the owner unless the public finds an advantage in using the product of such investment; the profits of the owner are certain evidence of gain to the user. Moreover, the profits of the owner, above what are consumed by himself and dependents, are put back into industry, and create new utilities, which in their turn, if successful, yield additional benefits to the public. It is the profits made by the introduction of new methods which finance more new methods, a cumulative and never ending process. There is no other use to which surplus profits can be applied than to the further expansion of industry.

The essential question, then, is whether the private owners personally absorb a larger share of these gains than they are fairly entitled to. That there are instances, all too numerous, of wanton extravagance and offensive ostentation on the part of rich men and women no one can deny. This is doubly unfortunate, since it not only entails economic loss, as we have seen, but furnishes much of the fuel for the flames of class hatred. But notwithstanding these cases, it is wrong to condemn rich people as a class, just as it would be wrong to condemn any other large group without discrimination. Whether from the motive of altruism or that of purely private gain, most capitalists in the very pursuit of profits become social benefactors.

Logan, Utah

Are You Honest?

Ernest D. Partridge, of the Brigham Young University

I am an honest man. I have always been honest. My father and my grandfather were honest. We are an honest family. I have always *known* that I was honest; but I did not know how hard it is to *stay* honest until I had passed through the experience related below.

During the war I raised several "Dogie" lambs. After the war closed I decided to sell them as I had no suitable place in which to keep them. As luck, or ill luck, would have it, one of them was defective in its sight, which was of no consequence to me as this did not interfere with its feeding in good pasture; but it would of course be detrimental should the sheep be pastured on the mountains.

Upon inquiry, I found the price of sheep to be from nine to sixteen dollars per head for young stock. Mine were young and in good condition, all except the "blind" ewe which, I admitted, was a little below par.

I decided that the seven head were well worth \$50.00 which price in my judgment allowed a liberal discount for the defective one.

Right here the trouble began. Something kept saying to me, "The six good sheep are worth fully \$60.00. You should put the price up to \$75.00 for the seven. They are worth every cent of \$65.00 and you may get an extra \$10.00. Anyway, it is a good deal easier to come down in price than it is to go up. And, besides, you are going to let the buyer examine them for himself and take them upon his *own* recommendation.

At this first thrust from the "Enemy" I batted my mental eye a few times. I have always *detested* the act spoken of as "Jewing down" as well as its never mentioned fore-runner, "Jewing up." I vigorously put my mental foot down upon this whole "Jewing" business, and decided upon \$50.00 as an "honest" price.

I felt good. I had won in the "preliminary." I had "qualified" to do an honest business among my neighbors; so the following soon appeared in the local paper:

"Seven sheep for sale cheap, call—"

After two weeks of patient waiting the "ad" was taken out of the paper as no prospective buyer appeared. A month

later the "ad" reappeared and soon brought results—a telephone call.

"Are you the man who has some sheep for sale?"

"Yes, come up and look them over." He came.

"What are they worth?"

"Fifty dollars," with confidence in my judgment and honesty.

"Pretty high, isn't it?"

"I think not. They will shear \$15 worth of wool now."

"I'll give you \$45." ("Jewing" down. Too late to "Jew" up.)

"I think they are worth \$50." Good-bye.—

A few days later a friend called at the house.

"I understand you have some sheep for sale."

"Yes. Do you want to see them?" He examined them.

"What do you hold them at?"

"I am holding them at \$50."

"Is that the least you will take for them?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I decide to take them I will send for them."

"A-hem, did you notice that one was blind?" (That was easy.)

"No, is one of them blind? Well, I don't want a blind sheep." No sale.

Later a farmer met me on the road.

"Is it you who are advertising seven sheep for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they the ones you had out on your farm?"

"The same."

"What do you ask for them?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I did not notice them particularly, may I see them again?"

"Certainly you may. They are at home in the barn."

While he was at the barn examining them, "Something" seemed to say, "Are you going to tell *him* that one of them is blind? Don't be so foolish. You will surely lose the sale if you do." The man returned from the barn.

"Well, they look good to me." He took out his check book.

"Say—a-hem—did you notice that one is blind?"

"No, is that so?"

"You better go back and examine the small ewe." He did.

"If I decide to take them, I will send for them." He did not.

From this on, the matter became interesting—exciting—almost tragic. Before another prospective buyer came, my bank account ran out. It was two weeks before pay day. To make

matters worse, a friend from whom I had borrowed \$35 wanted his money. This was the first time in two years that he had needed it. O, if I could sell those sheep!

A few days later the last prospective buyer returned with a friend.

"I believe my friend here will buy your sheep."

"Good! Just step out to the barn and examine them."

The *real* battle with the "Something" now began. I soon realized that our past conflict had been but a few friendly(?) thrusts. I had made up my mind long ago that the "Golden Rule" was workable. That the intention of the Giver was that it should be lived up to. (How many today *are* living it?)

Words may be put upon paper but emotions must be left to the imagination. I recalled my recent failures to sell the sheep. Why had I failed? In every case it seemed to be because I had tried to deal with the buyer the way I would like to be dealt with were I the buyer. Then there came to my mind the fact that I had no suitable place to keep those sheep; and no "\$40 hay" to feed to them. And then there was my bank account—and my friend's money, and I concluded (almost) that it certainly would be fair to allow the buyer to take or reject the sheep after he had had an opportunity thoroughly to examine them. I was not *forcing* the sale upon him, certainly not. At this point in my conflict "David Harum" seemed to say to me: "Do unto others as they would do to you, but do it to them first."

"But," I thought, "I am an honest man. I can't afford to do anything which would *appear* to be dishonest." I suppose the man who stood near while his friend went to examine the sheep, saw by my face the emotions I am leaving to the imagination of the reader, because he asked, "What is the matter with you?"

"Did you tell your friend about the blind one?"

"No, I didn't say anything about it," and glancing up I saw the other man returning from the barn.

Something asked, "And now are you going to tell him that one of the sheep is blind?" A "Friend" seemed to ask, "If you were the buyer would *you* like to be told?" That was enough.

I set my teeth and hissed the words to the prospective buyer:

"Did you notice that one of the sheep was blind?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, go back and examine the small ewe." He did.

"I expect to keep them around home so that won't make any difference with me. If your boy will drive them up to my place I will take them."

He gave me his check and I won, but what a fight!

Provo, Utah.

Archaeological Research and the Book of Mormon

By J. M. Sjodahl

In a conversation not long ago an assertion was made to the effect that "recent archaeological research accords wonderfully with the historical facts set forth in the *Book of Mormon*." It has occurred to me that a further explanation of that statement might not be unacceptable, in view of the tremendous importance of the subject.

For instance, modern research has called attention to a wide-spread American civilization that antedated that of the mound builders and the architects of ancient Mexico, Central and South America. It tells us that the mounds known as shell heaps, or kitchen middens, which dot the American coasts all the way round from Maine to California, mark the sites of ancient settlements of a race that attained some degree of civilization "at a period undoubtedly prehistoric, but not necessarily many thousands of years old," as John Fiske puts it. Dr. Dall, who made a special study of the shell heaps on the Aleutian Islands, reached the conclusion that the earliest deposits there are about 3,000 years old, and, as those islands were peopled from the American side (Dr. Brinton, *The American Race*, p. 20) it is a safe estimate that the earliest shell heaps on the continents date back at least 1,000 years earlier, that time being required for the necessarily slow movement northward from the original place of settlement, wherever that may have been. But by going back four thousand years we reach, almost, the date generally assigned for the building of the tower of Babel, when the Jaredites, according to the *Book of Mormon*, emigrated from somewhere in Asia to this side of the world. Is this not evidence of accord between the results obtained by archaeological research and the *Book of Mormon*?

This question is emphasized by all the facts known of the shell heap people. They were fishers, subsisting chiefly on oysters, cockles, mussels and aquatic animals generally. They were also hunters and trappers, living on the products of the chase. They cultivated the land, for they had stone mortars in which to crush the grain. They believed in a hereafter, as evidenced by their tender care of their dead, and they very

likely engaged in devastating wars, for evidences of cannibalism have been found among the bones unearthed, and it is safe to say that cannibalism is but the twin brother of savage warfare, as history seems to prove. Dr. Foster, judging from the crania examined, concludes that the shell heap people preceded the mound builders and were a different people.

I am making no assertions that cannot be substantiated, but, if the Jaredites were the builders of the settlements of which the earliest shell heaps mark the sites, the accord between the *Book of Mormon* record of the Jaredites and the conclusions of modern research concerning the shell heap people is almost perfect. The shell heap people have certainly left their bones "scattered in the land northward" (Omni 22), as they were found, mixed with the bones of beasts, by the expedition of King Limhi (Mosiah 8:8).

With regard to the present Indians, modern research has come to the conclusion,

(1) That they are *one* race.

Dr. Brinton includes even the Esquimaux in this classification. His observation is that the entire race is "singularly uniform in its physical traits, and individuals taken from any part of the continent could easily be mistaken for inhabitants of numerous other parts." He further argues that the culture of the native Americans strongly attest the ethnic unity of the race, and this, he says, applies equally to the ruins and relics of its vanished nations as to the institutions of existing tribes.

The psychic identity of the American Indians, Dr. Brinton further points out, is illustrated in their languages, which notwithstanding their diversity in lexicography and surface morphology, are strikingly alike in their logical substructure, or what Humboldt calls their "inner form."

This unity is, finally, indicated by their social institutions, their arts, myths, traditions, and religious rites.

Is not the unity of the Indian race the teaching of the *Book of Mormon*?

(2) That "the primitive lines of emigration, so far as they relate to North America, were probably from *the south to the north*; nor is there wanting historical evidences of such a movement."

I quote this from Dr. Foster, *Prehistorical Races of the United States*, p. 380.

Later movements were from the north to the south. Mexican records mention an empire from which the so-called Toltecs came, which was broken up by foreign invasion or internal disturbances. It is said that after thirteen years of conflict they finally moved southward into Mexico, where they founded the

city of Tollan. (James C. Southall, *Recent Origin of Man*, p. 532.) That the Toltecs could not have been very numerous when they arrived in Mexico is clear from the fact that some students of archaeology do not even regard them as a separate tribe, while others hold that they had formed an empire in Mexico, which was broken up by the Aztecs in the 10th century of our era.

Are not these movements, first from south to north, when the Nephites retreated before Lamanite hordes, and then from north to south, after the battles of Cumorah, as for the first movement expressly taught in the *Book of Mormon*, and, as for the second, implied in the flight of Coriantumr to Zarahemla, and the escape of Nephites "into the south countries" (Mormon 7:15)?

(3) That whatever the origin of the Indian civilization and whatever modifications it may have had, due to either internal or external causes, it still retains unmistakable marks of its relationship with the civilizations of Asia and Egypt, and especially the Semitic branch of the eastern culture.

This is my own conclusion based on Indian myths and traditions, and numerous words of Hebrew and Egyptian origin, as disclosed by modern research.

Such Indian words as Abnaki, Manta, Scyri, Lamano, Andes, Malqui, Izamal, Ehejeh, Rama, Apa, Ishu, and scores of others are, clearly of Asiatic relationship, and many are pure Hebrew or Egyptian.

I am afraid I have already written more than I intended to do, but I cannot resist the temptation to trespass a little longer by adding the following:

According to Adair some North American Indians, at a certain festival sing these mystic words:

"Yo Meshica,
He Meshica,
Va Meshica."

If this is true we have here a song, or anthem, consisting of the words Yoheva Meshica, almost identical with the Hebrew, *Jehovah Mashiach*, or *The Lord Messiah*. The Hebrews never pronounced the word Jehovah, and the correct pronunciation of it was finally lost, and is lost to this day. Possibly these Indians have preserved the pronunciation of it as received from their Lamanite, or Nephite ancestors, in this song, in which the sacred word is found in three syllables between the word Messiah. Adair also claims that he heard Indians sing another song, "Shiluh yo, Shiluh he, Shiluh va," in which the word Yoheva is found between the word Shiluh, thrice repeated. But

Shiluh is evidently the Hebrew Shiloh, of the Exodus, which also refers to the Messiah, and means "messenger" or perhaps "peace-maker," referring to the great Prince of Peace.*

The Brook

The happy, dashing, splashing brook
 First leaps the mountain's rugged sides,
 Then finds a quiet, shady nook,
 Then through the meadows smoothly glides.
 O'er pebbled bed it ripples on
 And, ever running night and day,
 It sings the same sweet, joyous song
 In winter's frosts or balmy May.

No dreary clouds can make you sad,
 O brook, with dimpled, smiling face;
 In fiercest storms you still are glad,
 And gaily glide from place to place,
 You bathe the fleet bird's ebon wing,
 You quench the thirsty lowing herds,
 And while you serve, you play and sing
 A song as sweet as any bird's.

Upon your dimpled, sparkling breast
 The white swan floats with graceful pose
 And seeks a quiet nook to rest,
 Among the lilies finds repose.
 Upon your soft, green, flow'ry bank
 The pilgrims, with sore, weary feet,
 In times of old, have stood, and drank
 Your pearly nectar, cool and sweet.

Through verdant valley on you flow,
 Now running east, now running west,
 You give your blessings as you go,
 Your precious gifts to man and beast.
 Happy brook, so bright and cheery,
 So inviting, so inspiring;
 Always doing, never weary,
 Never ceasing, never tiring.

Logan, Utah

Samuel B. Mitton

*Dr. Boudinot in his, *A Star in the West*, p. 231, says he heard the Jehovah song in an Indian gathering, where several tribes—the Senecas among others—were represented, and that there could be no deception about it, the pronunciation being "distinct and clear," though guttural.

Love's Sacrifice

By Ernest H. Linford

A brilliant yellow light streamed out of the French windows of the Alding home, and danced and played among the trees and shrubbery. Inside, a group of young people were dancing in time to the floating music. Idle boys and girls they were, spending most of their time at parties.

A young couple danced through the velvet curtains into the hall, and soon were on the veranda.

"They won't miss us," the young man was saying, "let's have a few moments to ourselves." He followed her closely until she seated herself on the fountain where the bright lights from the parlor glittered and sparkled.

"Your ring that I ordered from New York arrived to-night," he said, as he drew out the velvet case and produced the shining jewel. "A week ago tonight," he was saying as he slipped the ring on her finger, "you gave your promise to me. Do you remember, dear?"

The girl gave a little cry of joy at the sight of the ring. Soon she was in his arms. "I must show it to Aunt Margaret," she insisted.

"Hurry back," he told her, and sat down with a smile of genuine happiness beaming on his face.

A tall stranger entered the gate and spoke to the young man who gave a start and turned quickly to face him.

"Are you Wayne Barnes?" asked the tall stranger.

"You will no doubt remember about two weeks ago you rescued a man from a burning building on Madison street. I am that man; Patterson is my name. I am a minister of the gospel. May I call at your home to-morrow, I would like to talk to you?"

"Certainly, I will be delighted."

"Thank you, I must be going. Good night."

Scarcely had he left when Ruth returned. In a few moments they joined the rest of the party in the parlor.

The next morning about ten o'clock a servant awoke Wayne Barnes and announced that a man was downstairs to see him.

"Bring him up, Jarvis."

In a moment Mr. Patterson was introducing himself to Barnes.

"I am a missionary of the gospel."

"What church?"

"Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"The 'Mormon?'"

"Yes."

"Then I cannot talk to you."

"Sir, surely you will let me talk an hour."

Wayne gazed out of the window for a brief moment and finally said, "Begin, I am listening."

The man started out first giving a little history of the Church, explaining and describing as he went along. The hour passed, but Barnes did not realize it. He forgot that he wasn't listening. He forgot that he was talking to a "Mormon." He became enthusiastic and began asking questions. Two hours passed and noon came. Wayne asked the missionary to stay to luncheon which was served in his own room. At four o'clock the missionary left, leaving behind him a few books and tracts which Wayne promised to read.

He made his call at the Alding home short, which surprised Ruth very much. Hurrying home, he began his long hours of study on the strange doctrine. Sometimes he would conquer himself and throw the books away from him, but he always picked them up again. The missionary called every day and Wayne always had dozens of questions ready for him, but they were always answered. Wayne missed a luncheon engagement, two club meetings, and declined an invitation to a party. Ruth Alding noticed that his visits were less frequent and was curious to know what he was doing.

"I'm studying religion," he told her, and that was all she could get from him.

One day while Wayne sat studying the precious Scripture, his mother stepped up to him noiselessly and snatched the book away. She did it only in fun, but when she saw the title of the book, she became very stern.

"So you have been reading the 'Book of Mormon?'" She received no answer and continued, "Do you believe it, or is it just curiosity?"

"Why, I—believe it."

"Do you know it will kill me if you turn out that way after all my hopes. Do you intend to join that Church?"

"I don't know." To tell the truth, he had not even thought of it.

"The day you join that Church, Wayne, you are turned out of this home, besides your disgrace and losing your friends.

Think of Ruth; she would never forgive you." She stood there stern and unaltered, with cold eyes.

"I'll not do it," he resolved as he went to bed, but after hours of sleepless thought, he decided that he could not go on this way. This doctrine was true no matter what happened. He would always believe it. If he believed it true, he must join it.

After long talks with Mr. Patterson he finally announced that he would join the Church. He spent most of the night pleading with his heart-broken mother.

"When are you going?" she asked.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"What are your plans?"

"I am going West with Mr. Patterson and his companion. I will get a job on Mr. Patterson's farm."

"In the morning, my son, the town will know of your disgrace."

Neither of the two slept that night; both wondered what the future would be.

II.

"Two gentlemen downstairs to see you, sir, and here's your mail," a servant announced.

Wayne jumped with a start. He had slept two hours. From the pile of mail he picked up a tiny parcel. The moment he saw it he knew what it was—the diamond ring he had given to Ruth. He picked up the note with it, and read:

Wayne:

You needn't come to say goodby to me before you go. You have chosen between me and the "Mormons." I never want to see you again.

Ruth.

"Oh, God," he cried, "must I sacrifice everything?"

When he came downstairs the two young men waiting noticed that his face was haggard. If any man could persuade Wayne, it was Jack Bagely, and everyone knew it. They had always been as twin brothers.

"You don't know the pain you're causing us, old top. Can't we persuade you to give it up?"

"Sorry, but I've got my heart set on it."

"But remember, you're our chief at the lodge. We can't do without you, Wayne."

"I suppose you've come to represent all the boys in the lodge?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell them then that it tears my heart loose to think of it, but I cannot go on this way."

"I'll tell them, but remember this much, we're through with you!"

Bagely gave a stiff bow, but the other man did not even look at Wayne, and the two friends passed out of his life forever.

At the last moment Mrs. Barnes came down to bid her son goodby. She was calm and dry-eyed, and looked at him with cold eyes. When she kissed him, Wayne noticed her lips were cold as ice. She remained calm until he passed out the door; then she broke down and poured out her feelings in tears.

III.

Nearly two months have passed. Wayne Barnes stood smiling over his first earned money. Two months ago he would have laughed at such a small amount, but it was different now. This was hard earned money. But he had a place for it. Since he started to work for Mr. Patterson he dreamed of owning land of his own. For nearly a year he watched with jealous heart an eighty acre field joining Mr. Patterson's ranch. After looking over his bank account, he decided to try to buy this lovely ranch. Mr. Drofnil, the owner, met him at the door one evening and invited Barnes in.

"So you want to buy that eighty acres do you?" Mr. Drofnil inquired.

"Yes, very much."

They talked it over for hours, and Wayne went home smiling.

"I've bought it," he cried to Mr. Patterson, "he sold it at a low price and at such easy terms."

"God is good to you," smiled Mr. Patterson, "success smiles on you."

The next few months Wayne spent working on his own land. What a satisfaction it was to improve and toil on his own soil. And the friends he made! Every time he went to church he was invited out to dinner or to go on a picnic. What a pleasure it was to go up the canyon on horseback with the rest of the fellows. Such were the things that helped him to forget what burned in his soul. People wondered why he was so grave and silent. Little did they know of how his mind longed for those loved ones back home. How he wished he could persuade them to come. He wanted to write to Ruth, but the memory of the note she sent him made his heart pain.

"You have chosen between me and the 'Mormons,' I never want to see you again." How those cruel words burned his soul. He wrote long pleading letters to his mother. For two months he received no answer, but at last a letter from her came. With shaking hands, he opened it. It read:

Wayne:

I am glad you are well and happy, but I am not. My heart may never be mended. I appreciate your letters, but please do not ever mention your Church to me again.

Mother.

"Well, ya' needn't look so sad about it. Isn't it a letter from home?" Wayne turned and faced Mr. Drofnil. The old gentleman was looking at him with half pitying and half smiling eyes. Wayne handed him the letter and watched the floating clouds while the old man read it.

"I guess it's pretty hard for you ta git letters like that. Aire ya sorry ya came here, Wayne?"

"Never."

"Say, why don't ya choose one of these pretty maidens around here, and settle down?"

"I guess God never meant for me to marry," Wayne returned.

IV.

Wayne had secured lumber and started to build him a house. Each spare moment was spent with his tools working on the neat little cottage. He would hire a house-keeper and make the best of it. But then came the call for more missionaries. Wayne Barnes was the first to be called. This would have meant another sacrifice, had not Mr. Patterson offered to loan him the money to carry him through, and Mr. Drofnil, still ready to do his part, bargained to take the farm back until Wayne returned. Wayne joyfully accepted, and two weeks later he stepped in the train to go East.

For two long successful years, he and his companion preached the truth to the people of Maine and New Hampshire. He loved the work and had great success. When his work was nearly finished he was transferred to Pennsylvania his boyhood home being only a few miles away—his beloved home where Ruth and his mother lived. He resolved not to go near that city, but was obliged to go there to attend a conference. After the conference he decided to take a walk down the avenue where he had walked so much. How his heart throbbed when he stood in front of his old home. It was evening, and the lights shone out of the windows. Wayne gave a start; someone was walking down the path. He started to move on, but it was too late, he was recognized by the man.

"Mr. Barnes!" he exclaimed.

"Jarvis!" As it was Jarvis, the butler, why not talk to him? "Jarvis, how is mother?" Not very well, she stays at home and seldom admits anyone but Ruth."

"How is Ruth? Is she married?"

"No, her aunt died a month ago. I heard her state to your mother that she would never marry." But he suddenly became aware that someone was coming down the walk, so he hurried on. Led by his longing or perhaps a faint hope, he soon paused at the gate of the Alding home. To his surprise he saw a figure sitting on the edge of the fountain. The silver moon came from behind the clouds, and its rays shone on the lovely girl dressed in white. Her head was bowed and the breezes played with her hair. The man at the gate watched and hoped. The longing of his heart was so great that he let a groan escape his lips. He saw her sigh and shake her head, but that was all. He moved on with hot tears in his eyes.

The train pulled in to the station and two men, Wayne Barnes and his companion, stepped off on western soil. Two men, a tall, smiling one, and a short, fat-faced one, with a little sandy beard, met them with a welcome handshake. It was Mr. Patterson and Mr. Drofnil. Mr. Drofnil invited Wayne to his house saying, "Come on Wayne, stay here tonight, I want you to taste some more of them good muffins Ella can make. Ma, here's Wayne Barnes back again, hurry up and make some muffins for supper, I'll bet he's half starved," he told his wife. After supper the two men went out on the porch. With a little encouragement, Wayne poured out his story, and found Mr. Drofnil a very sympathetic friend. He was now a man, but still boyish in many ways. He wanted sympathy; he wanted to pour out his story to someone who would understand.

"Well, Wayne, it's gettin' late, we'd better turn in. Don't forget, boy, about the just God; he will cause it to come out all right."

For the next two months Wayne worked on his land and house with the help of Mr. Drofnil and was very successful. He took an active part in the Church and found himself delighted to be home again.

"A telegram for you," a small boy announced, as he rode up to where Wayne was plowing. Wayne thanked the boy, and hurriedly, he opened the telegram.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Wayne Barnes:

Come quickly. Your mother is ill. She calls for you night and day.

Ruth.

Three hours later Wayne bade goodby to Mr. Drofnil and started for the station. Mr. Patterson overtook him and begged to accompany him. Barnes was pleased to have him along and they departed for the east.

V.

At the Barnes home all was quiet. The doctor looked very grave and finally told Ruth it was useless. Ruth knelt down beside Mrs. Barnes' bed and told her that Wayne would be there that evening. While she was speaking the door bell rang. Ruth hastened to answer it and met Wayne and Mr. Patterson with a bow. It was an embarrassing moment as she stood there facing her former suitor.

"Hurry, your mother is in there," she said, as she pointed, "If you have any faith, save her."

The mother lay there white as death; her breathing was rapid; now and then she would sigh heavily. Ruth sat down in the corner and folded her hands, half hoping, half praying. The two men placed their hands on the sick woman's head and gave her a blessing that came straight from heaven. How Wayne did pray, pouring out his soul's faith that the years of grief had made strong. For hours afterward he sat by his mother's bedside, watching every move she made. The next morning when the doctor called, he found Mrs. Barnes smiling and holding the hands of her son. Ruth had lain down to rest. When the doctor left he called Wayne into the hall. "Do you know that if you do not go to bed you'll make her worse? If you get sick it might put her in the same condition she was in last evening." The doctor took one arm and Ruth the other and they helped him upstairs. Mr. Patterson had returned home earlier in the morning. Wayne fell heavily on the bed and realized how ill he felt. "Don't worry," the doctor told him, "in a week your mother will be well."

Ruth hurried downstairs to make him a hot drink.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "I guess the strain on his nerves was too great." When she returned he was asleep.

Three hours later she found him awake, but miserable. He thanked her for the delicious food she had brought him, but not once did he look into her eyes. She noticed it, but little did she know how it pained him to see her again. She did not realize how her last words to him still burned.

"How is mother?" he asked.

"She's feeling better now, much better. She inquired where you were, and I told her you were resting."

"You'd better go to her, I think." But she did not know why he sent her away.

The next morning Wayne arose. He felt better now, but his heart was still heavy. The door of his mother's room was open. All was silent.

"She must be asleep," he thought, as he sat down to wait. But soon he heard a voice. It was Ruth's.

"How terribly we have treated him," she was saying, "I wonder if he will ever forgive me."

"Surely," his mother replied, "God sent him to show us that we were wrong. God meant for him to forgive us, I know he will."

"Last night I dreamed I was with him; you were there, too, Mrs. Barnes. We lived in a little cottage out there in the West; what a sweet dream it was!"

Wayne did not wait to hear more, he slipped out into the garden. In a few moments he returned; his mother was alone. "Oh, mother dear, I heard. I didn't mean to, but I'm glad I did. Are you going to join my Church? Will you go West to live with me?"

"Yes, my son," she murmured, as he kissed her, "our Father in heaven sent you to prove to us that his Church was true."

For a long time they talked. She told him of how their bank had failed, and left her almost penniless, and then came the scarlet fever which left her weak and sickly. She had now been suffering with a nervous breakdown.

"What you need," he said in a low voice, "is to breathe the pure, dry air of the West."

"And to live with you, Wayne, to be near you and know you are safe," she concluded.

A few moments later he walked out on the veranda. Out in the garden, surrounded with nodding roses, stood Ruth. Her face was turned away from him and he could only see the brown, wavy hair. Noiselessly, he walked up behind her. He could resist no longer, why should he? Did she not say she wanted to be forgiven? He leaned and kissed her as she turned around. He held her in his arms for a long time. At last the gulf between them was bridged.

"You said you dreamed of a little cottage out there in the West. Was it surrounded with vines and flowers? Was it nestled in the mouth of a canyon where Crow Creek with its crystal waters gurgled by? Were the fields surrounding it covered with nodding wheat, and were there little children playing near the house?"

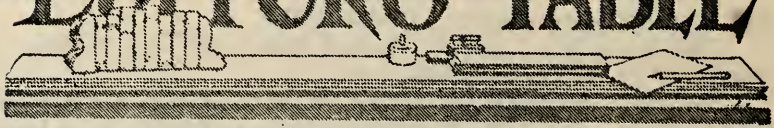
"Yes, yes."

"Then yours and my dreams have come true."

The roses nodding in the breeze helped to make the picture more beautiful to the old lady lying by the window, who saw it all, and smiled a happy smile as she thought of how Wayne's sacrifice of love had been rewarded.

Aston, Wyo.

EDITORS TABLE



An Opportunity for Genuine Service

The First Presidency of the Church, some days before the primaries for the county and state conventions for the various parties were held, issued the following:

Special Notice

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is taking a positive stand in favor of the enforcement of the laws in support of peace and good order, whether national or local. Hearing that efforts are being made among the people of this state to prevent the enforcement of such laws, also to procure the repeal of some of the statutes of Utah enacted especially for the public benefit, we hereby request the Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of Wards to impress upon the citizens of this state the importance of attending the Primaries for the choice of delegates to the convention, and upon all persons of influence to aid in the election of members to the Legislature and to officers in the different counties, persons who will aid in upholding and executing such laws, and in defeating efforts to obstruct or hinder their enforcement.

Heber J. Grant,
Charles W. Penrose,
Anthony W. Ivins,
First Presidency.

Voters will do well to heed the counsel of the First Presidency. They take the positive stand in favor of the enforcement of the laws in support of peace and good order, whether national or local. It is well known that certain declarations have been made here and there owing to an indifferent enforcement of the tobacco law and other health laws, that efforts are brewing to have the Legislature repeal the anti-cigarette law. The majority of the people of the state, we are sure, will stand for its enforcement, and not for its repeal. Hence, for the coming Legislature and for the different offices in the counties, candidates should be chosen who will execute the laws and lend their influence to defeat all efforts to hinder and obstruct their enforcement. The experience of the past two years has proved that there are officers who are not in favor of the enforcement of the anti-cigarette law, but who are rather in favor of annulling it. Some of these officials are in high positions in the state, in the counties and in the cities. On the other hand we are confident that the great majority of the people of Utah are positive in their desire

to support the law and to advance peace and good order. It is now the voters' opportunity and privilege to declare themselves in expressing their desires through their franchise and by electing legislators who will heed the public demand. Flagrant violations in the way of sale of tobacco and smoking in public places are numerous and it has been difficult to get officers, including judges, officers of courts, mayors, policemen, and others in charge of the execution of the law, to take any interest at all in its enforcement. These men should be remembered in the election to come, and be set aside to give place to men or women chosen and publicly pledged to put forth their efforts to see that the law is properly enforced.—A.

The New Volume of the Era

With this number the quarter century of the existence of the *Improvement Era* closes, and volume 26 begins with the November number. We are indeed grateful to our contributors and subscribers for the cheerful, unselfish, excellent, and faithful support that has been rendered to the *Improvement Era* for these many years. We have every confidence that similar splendid assistance will continue; that our subscribers will promptly renew their subscriptions, and that many new readers will be found for Volume 26. In consideration thereof, we hope to extend every effort possible to make the magazine first class in every respect. We invite the continued support of our writers, our subscribers, and the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., who, for these many years, have freely devoted their labors to make the *Era* successful. No effort will be spared to make its pages interesting, attractive, and valuable in the exposition of doctrine, religious thought, scientific truths, stories, and the recording of world and local events, and striking incidents in the fields of missionary work, in the history of the Church, and in those activities and enterprises that are being constantly carried out in the Priesthood quorums, schools of the Latter-day Saints, and the Y. M. M. I. A., for the education and religious development of the youth of Zion. We approach the new year with confident hopes of success, and would cheer every subscriber and writer with the comforting declaration that the Lord has peace, prosperity, and rich blessings for us all, if we but live near him, practice our religion, keep his commandments, and observe in our daily lives the first two great commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and

with all thy mind; * * * and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Our pages aim to teach these great truths and in every line exhale the breath of the true religion of Jesus Christ as restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith, which we recognize as the fundamental of prosperity, advancement, peace, joy and happiness in this world, and eternal life and glory in the world to come. We invite you, our friends of the past, and thousands of new readers whom we hope to meet, to join us, and to contribute your part in this great work of the Lord.

HEBER J. GRANT.

On Light Wines and Beer

The *Era* reproduces from the *Christian Science Monitor* of last July a very timely and excellent article on the beer and light wine fallacy. Whether the manufacture of beer and light wines should be permitted is an issue which should be looked squarely in the face in the coming election of officers to serve in the nation and in counties and Legislatures of the States. There is a growing tendency to accede to the demands of the manufacturers, distributors, and others, in this respect. If this were done, it would be an entering wedge to annul and disrupt the present good effect of national and local prohibition. We think, with the *Monitor*, that "A surrender now to the demand that the right be given to manufacture and sell wines and beer would be to admit defeat in one of the greatest crusades since a Christian people fought to put down human slavery." No concession would satisfy the bootlegger, the manufacturer, and the hungry and thirsty hordes who are awaiting admission to dabble in compromises. Their desires would lead to the old, unfortunate conditions. It is not impossible to enforce the law as it now stands. Great good in every way has already resulted from it. The main thing is for the citizens of the community to elect officers for the state and nation who will enforce the law.

The *Literary Digest* has taken a poll of 900,000 voters to whom they sent ballots. They are sending out two millions of these ballots, selecting certain classes of people, and asking them for their vote upon three things—for enforcement, for modification, and for repeal of the Volstead act. It must be remembered that, while the result of this poll may indicate to some degree the public's sentiment, two million voters out of twenty million can only be an indication. It appears from the latest summary of 922,382 ballots on prohibition, that 356,193 or 38.6%

are for enforcement; 376,334 or 40.8% are for modification; while 189,856, or 20.6% only are for repeal. From these ballots it appears clear that the Volstead act is safe, as a person who opposes repeal and yet favors modification, a fact pointed out by one of the foremost prohibitionists of the country, must be very confused in his mind and in his reasoning, if he favors a modification that would violate the Amendment. Hence, instead of weakening respect for prohibition, the disclosures of the *Literary Digest* should arouse officials to honest performance of their duty in enforcing the law. We may take it for granted that the 38.6% votes for enforcement, and the 40.8%, for modification are practically one, resulting in 79.4% for prohibition with only 20.6% of the votes for repeal. We believe that at least nine-tenths of the people of the United States are observing the law, and when we consider the value to the community, morally, financially and economically of the prohibition law, it is no hardship on the other tenth of the people to have the law enforced. We believe that more than nine-tenths of the people of the State of Utah are observing the law. Certain it is that there is no public clamor to have the law modified, but rather a deep desire on the part of the great majority of the people here and in the whole country to have it enforced as it now stands.

Of course, certain papers, who have apparently sold out to the whisky interests, are making every effort to have light wines and beer authorized, and there is doubtless any amount of money back of this movement. It should not succeed, because once the privilege of manufacturing and selling light wines and beers be given, the prohibition laws will be violated to a much greater extent than is now the case.

As a sample of the sarcastic and contemptible argument made by the anti-prohibitionists, *Judge*, which is a combination of the former *Leslie's Weekly* and the comic paper, *Judge*, has this editorial in a recent number:

Light Wines and Beer

- Volstead Prohibition has
- smothered us in prosperity
 - solved our labor problems
 - diminished crimes of violence.
 - improved our morals.
 - cut down our divorce rate
 - produced greater respect for the law
 - discouraged corruption
 - improved our foreign relations
 - lessened the privileges of wealth
 - increased our patriotism
 - made us happier

This list contains eleven lies. To make it an even dozen we'll add that *Judge* is a prohibitionist.

The best practical suggestion for the mitigation of Volstead prohibition is that to legalize light wines and beer. Our professional prohibitionists contend, along other shrieks of protest, that this will bring back the saloon. Not if the traffic is properly regulated, as it can be and has been—among peoples not a bit more ingenious than we. On the other hand it will go far toward banishing the bootlegger. It is *Judges'* idea that "out of the frying pan into the fire" is an exact description of Uncle Sam's leap out of the clutches of the barkeep into the arms of the bootlegger.

Hence *Judge's* desire, which evidently is shared by a substantial majority of Americans, to see the return of light wines and beer, and his intention in his own peculiar way to hasten and welcome their homecoming.

Note how carefully the truth and lies are mixed for effect upon the thoughtless. The arguments about the "saloon" and "proper regulation," and that the bootlegger will be done away with, are especially ingenious and fallacious. The present economic condition, the labor problems, the crimes and violence of the people, lassitude of morals, big divorce rate, lack of respect for the law, corruption, foreign relation conditions, lack of patriotism and general unhappiness in the world, do not come from prohibition. They have other deep-rooted sources, which the legalization of wines and beer and drink in general would only intensify and increase, but never banish. Neither would the legalizing and manufacture of light beers and wines banish the bootlegger, but, on the other hand, would serve as an outlet for the promiscuous distribution of strong drink, and we would have millions of men, women, and children, who have ever been victims of drink become the willing or unwilling, impoverished and stricken tools of the greed of the manufacturer, brewer and distributor of intoxicants. There would return to us the most deadly practice ever introduced among the human family. We believe that a substantial majority of Americans stand for prohibition, the *Judge* and its whisky ring to the contrary notwithstanding. The *Judge* should be hit right between the eyes with an emphatic enforcement of law.—A

The Beer and Light Wine Fallacy

The editors of the *Improvement Era*, consider that the following article hits the mark squarely on the subject of the Volstead Act. We commend it to the consideration and study of the voters and citizens of every community:

There are convincing indications of the need that the people of the United States, no matter how high their moral and ethical standards may be,

look the so-called beer and light wine issue squarely in the face. The tendency appears to be to compromise with evil by acceding to the demand that the manufacture and sale of those beverages be legalized, preferably by amendment to the existing enforcement code. The specious appeal of the bootleggers and other violators of the law, that if this concession were made to them they would be satisfied and would cease their organized campaign of nullification, seems to have persuaded many otherwise thoughtful persons that after all it might be as well to make terms with these avowed foes of society.

No one who believes that prohibition is right, morally and fundamentally, should allow himself to be influenced by any such argument. The way out of the present difficulty is not by compromise. The temptation to cease firing may come with almost overpowering force when one grows weary of the everlasting combat, but it seldom comes when there are indications that a victory will be won. A surrender now to the demand that the right be given to manufacture and sell beer and wines would be to admit defeat in one of the greatest crusades since a Christian people fought to put down human slavery. Lincoln said a nation could not survive, half slave and half free. It is equally true that a nation, once it has proclaimed itself a sober and temperate nation, cannot consent that it shall be half sober and half drunk.

No thinking person should be deceived by the promise that the granting of the privilege to traffic in beverages of so-called low alcoholic content will satisfy the hungry and thirsty hordes who are awaiting only that permission to extend the manufacture and sale of admittedly intoxicating drinks. The experiment has been tried in some of the states of the Union in which it was sought to enforce prohibition before the adoption of the Amendment to the Federal Constitution. It was tried in Iowa. In discussing the failure of the plan, the *Iowa State Capital*, one of the leading papers of that State, said recently:

"All persons acquainted with the history of Iowa probably are familiar with the fact that Iowa had a beer and light wine law during one of her periods of prohibition agitation. The law did not seem to work well, for the reason that persons authorized to sell beer and wine usually violated the law by selling hard liquors. The result was that Iowa soon declared the beer and light wine law to be a failure."

There is, in fact, no middle ground, and the people of the United States who conscientiously believe in the enforcement of the fundamental law which is designed to bring about the destruction of the liquor traffic in its worst forms, the extermination of the breweries and distilleries, and the saloons and their kindred resorts of vice, must stand against the mesmerism and suggestion of what falsely appears as an "honorable compromise." One cannot escape the conclusion that many have yielded to the subtle arguments which the propagandists of the "wets" have put forward. But those arguments, analyzed, cannot long deceive the alert and intelligent. It is well to examine some of their exhibits for a moment to see just what it is they attempt to prove.

In the first place, it is claimed that enforcement of the law is impossible, and therefore that it may as well be disregarded altogether. As a matter of fact, it is shown that enforcement is 90 per cent effective—that is, that nine-tenths of the people of the United States observe the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act, either willingly or otherwise. It may be insisted that the figures represent estimates merely, and that they cannot be regarded as authentic. Perhaps those who question the correctness of the figures will venture a similar estimate as to the effective enforcement of other regulatory legislation, for instance, the laws against theft, swearing,

the law compelling Sabbath observance, laws against the adulteration of foodstuffs, and the laws providing for equal taxation. Would those who now may be inclined to compromise with the enemies of the prohibition law be as willing to make terms with all those who find it easy or convenient to violate other laws?

There is no popular demand that the Volstead Act be modified to legalize the sale of wines and beer. In fact it is doubtful if Congress has the power, under the Constitution, to authorize the sale of liquors actually intoxicating. The mere ukase of Congress declaring non-intoxicating those liquors which in fact are intoxicating, might as reasonably be extended to include all the liquors now listed in the bootleggers' pharmacopeia as to furnish a certificate of innocuousness to beer and wine. The laws now in force provide for the sale of non-intoxicating liquors, but this does not satisfy those who want the door again opened to permit the practices which so long served to make rich the brewers and saloon keepers and impoverish the millions of men, women and children who were the willing or unwilling, victims of this selfish greed. It is they who implore the American people to unlock the door of the saloon.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

On Dedicating the Sick and the Suffering to the Lord

Questions have been asked as to what extent the custom prevails among the elders of the Church of dedicating the very sick, or the suffering, to the Lord when they are administered to, thus presumably giving them up to death. The question is further as to the extent or advisability of this custom. The First Presidency have considered the matter, and in a letter to one inquirer say:

"The custom which is growing in the Church to dedicate those who appear to be beyond recovery, to the Lord, has no place among the ordinances of the Church. The Lord has instructed us, where people are sick, to call in the elders, two or more, who should pray for and lay their hands upon them in the name of the Lord; and 'if they die,' says the Lord, 'they shall die unto me; and if they live, they shall live unto me.' No possible advantage can result from dedicating faithful members of the Church to the Lord prior to their death. Their membership in the Church, their devotion to the faith which they have espoused, are sufficient guarantee, so far as their future welfare is concerned.

"The administration of the ordinances of the Gospel to the sick, is for the purpose of healing them, that they may continue lives of usefulness until the Lord shall call them hence. This is as far as we should go. If we adhere strictly to that which the Lord has revealed in regard to this matter, no mistake will be made."

Plain and instructive information on how to deal with the sick is also given of the Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 42:43-48.—A.

Thinking and Doing

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is" is true only so far as thinking is put into action. "We stand for a pure life through clean thought and action." Clean thought must be followed by clean action, or there will be no result. Thinking will not alone suffice, though it is a necessary and fundamental beginning toward clean action. On this subject Brigham Young said, away back on March 16, 1856, as found in the *Journal of Discourses*, volume 3, page 248:

"When a person is thinking all the time, he is little better than a machine; he perverts the purpose of his organization, and injures both mind and body... Why? Because the mental labor does not find vent through the organism of the tabernacle, and has not that scope—that field of labor which it desires, and which it was wisely designed that it should have. Think according to your labor, labor according to your thinking."

"Some think too much and should labor more, others labor too much and should think more, and thus maintain an equilibrium between the mental and physical members of the individual, then you will enjoy health and vigor, will be active, and ready to discern truly, and judge quickly."

In this matter of chastity let us think right, but not leave our thinking in a mess of reverie, but give full vent, through our physical organism, to our thought, by doing the clean act.—A.

Index for Volume 25

A complete index to volume 25, *Improvement Era*, is ready, and will be mailed free to any subscriber making application to the business office—47 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Messages from the Missions

Work Prospering in Seattle

The work in the mission field in and around Seattle is growing steadily. The missionaries report good success in their labors. They have of late been able to hold several very interesting cottage and hall meetings at which many friends and investigators have heard the principles of the gospel

explained in so clear and concise a way that "a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein."—*Abram H. Cannon.*

Branch Prospering Under Local Officers

Elder L. W. Doxey, writing from North Texas conference, Central States mission, reports that the elders there are enjoying the best of health. Each is putting forth his effort to declare the gospel message as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith. The branch in Fort Worth is advancing under the able leadership of the local officers. President Mallory and C. L. Wright have left for their home. Saints, elders and friends regret their absence, but wish them success in their future walks of life. We rejoice in perusing the *Improvement Era* and gleaning from it many valuable instructions to aid us in performing our labors more efficiently, and desire its continued success. The elders laboring here are W. R. Nelson, W. E. Buck, S. O. Bennion, president of the Central States mission; C. L. Wright, D. T. Midgley, top row, Ada Smith, East Texas conference; C. Guy Mallory, retiring conference president; G. B. Done, president of the East Texas conference; L. W. Doxey, conference president; A. B. Smith, East Texas conference, John Longden, L. E. Sheek, and Lea Birch, East Texas conference.

The Choir at Aarhus, Denmark

John Rasmussen of Aarhus, Denmark, sends this picture of the Aarhus choir, taken April 30. Five missionaries are laboring in that conference, President P. L. Gregerson, president of the conference, John Rasmussen, Christian M. Nicoleasen, Elis Tronier, and William Peterson. He says, "We are having good success in the mission field. Fourteen have been baptized since last October. We are holding well-attended meetings and many investigators are visiting them. We are handicapped by the lack



of sufficient missionaries, but enjoy our labors here among this good people, who usually respect the missionaries very highly."

Nine Baptisms in England

A baptismal service was held at Mansfield public baths, Nottingham conference, Friday evening, May 19, 1922. Nine converts to the gospel were baptized by Elder Harold E. Brough, former president of the conference. A short, appropriate address was delivered by President Joseph E. Wright.



Front row: Joseph E. Wright, president-elect, Ogden; Catherine G. Wright, Ogden; Mary W. Whitney, Orson F. Whitney, mission president, Salt Lake City; Annie E. Noble, Julia T. Noble, Ogden; William A. Morton, Salt Lake City. Back row: J. Howard Valentine, Brigham; Charles H. Last, Lewiston; William Hunt, Plain City; A. Walter Stevenson, Ogden; Harold E. Brough, conference president, Randolph; John W. Robinson, Beaver City; J. Max Toolson, Smithfield; Abraham Noble, conference clerk, Ogden; Vernon H. Maughan, Birmingham conference, Wellsville; N. Palfreman, Birmingham conference, Springville; George S. Taylor, Jr., Salt Lake City.

San Francisco Conference

The semi-annual conference at San Francisco was held May 25-28. It was a most successful gathering, a congregation of about 1,200 being in attendance. All listened with attention and interest to the words of instruction and admonition there delivered. President Joseph W. McMurrin, Margaret K. Miller, Charles Starr, Grace Chever, and Rulon H. Cheney were visitors from Los Angeles. President Dewsip of the Fresno conference, with several visiting missionaries from Fresno and Gridley, were also in attendance. Music was furnished by the choir under the direction of Professor Higgins. In connection with the preaching on Sunday evening, the choir rendered beautifully the cantata, "The New Life" by J. H. Rogers. The chapel was decorated beautifully with masses of flowers. Needed improvements have bettered its appearance. President McMurrin commented on the improvements, stating that San Francisco



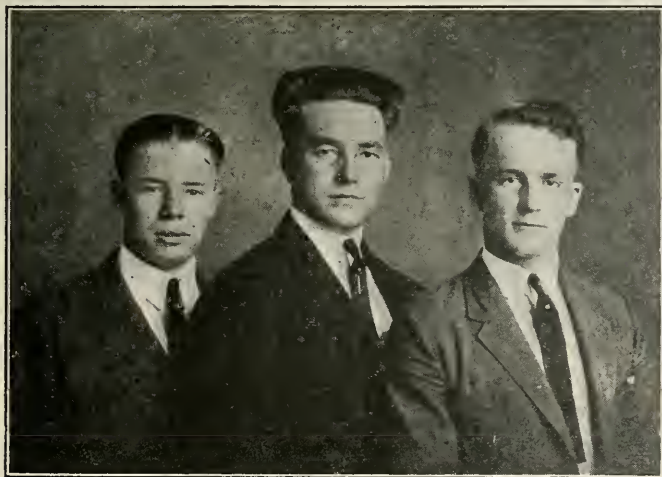
SAN FRANCISCO MISSIONARIES (See names, p. 1127)

was paying a very good tithing, and almost invariably where people pay their tithes, they are prospered and made able to make improvements. Many sessions of the organizations, as well as general and priesthood meetings, were held, and the missionaries were royally banqueted by the mission Relief Society. The missionaries were then assigned to their places of abode in San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, and Burlingame.—*Phillip Bennett.*

Elders left to right, top row. James A. Kartchner, Glen P. Vincent. Ira M. Bay, R. Glen Call, Dallas G. Athay, L. Glen Williams, Alonzo Hansen, Silas A. Bushman, Melvin Saunders, Fresno conference. Second row: Brother Everett, Oakland branch; Naoma Rich, Elmer N. Christoferson, Arthur F. Peterson, San Francisco conference; Grace Chever, mission stenographer; H. Victor Overson, Vera Larson, Naoma Cheney, Hazel Hill, Otto Anderson, San Francisco conference; Third row: Alpha Madsen, Gridley conference; Rulon H. Cheney, editor mission paper; Charlotta Stahr, member of the Relief Society Board, California mission; I. E. Riddle, president San Francisco conference; Joseph W. McMurrin, president California mission; Margaret K. Miller, president Relief Society, California mission; President Dewnsip, Fresno conference; Joseph O. Story, president San Francisco branch; W. Aird McDonald, President Oakland branch; Henrick Victors, president San Jose branch. Fourth row: Philip J. Bennett, conference clerk; Ann Bell Olpin, Margaret Gardner, Elna Pederson, Gridley conference; Frank P. Stevens, LaRue Munk, Genevieve Green, San Francisco conference; Clara Noel, and Elder Neilson, Gridley conference.

In the Far South

Elder Floyd W. Campbell, writing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 5, reports that the elders in that district are having wonderful success. During the month of July they sold 18 *Books of Mormon*, 170 small books, held 43 meetings and baptized 10 people into the Church. Elders,



left to right: H. A. Gilbert, Fairview, Idaho; Floyd W. Campbell, North Ogden, Utah; President E. W. Allen, Hyrum, Utah. "We surely appreciate the *Improvement Era*. Each month we look forward for its arrival."

Local Church Members Doing Missionary Work

Elder Wilford W. Jones, conference president, writing from Davenport, Iowa, under date of June 10, reports the east Iowa conference making fast progress owing to the group of diligent workers and the blessing of the Lord upon them. Six baptisms during the past month were performed and the prospects for more are very bright. During the summer the elders have been assigned to the smaller cities, and will cover the surrounding country. Much literature and books are constantly being disposed of. The local members of the Church are doing good missionary work, and they are bringing us many friends. We find the *Improvement Era* a great help in our missionary work.



Missionaries, left to right, front row: Earl J. Hawkins, Josephine Hawkins, Elizabeth Burg (locals), Walter E. Robinson, I. N. Villers, (local); second row: Wilford W. Jones, conference president; Winslow F. Smith, mission president; Milton B. Stringham, Milton L. Johnson; third row: A. D. Rogers, F. J. Francis, J. H. Moorman, (locals), Edgar Margenegg, H. M. Robbins, Doyle Hunnicutt, Hyrum Tanner, Lloyd D. White; back row, E. M. Brown, H. G. Udall, James O. Meeks, (local) Frank M. Ravsten, John H. Brailsford (local), Irvin Wilson.

M. I. A. Summer Work in Baltimore

George W. Ashton, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. work, Eastern States mission, reports under date of August 7: "Most of our Mutuals closed for the summer, having found it impractical to continue. The one in Baltimore, Maryland, has kept on with the work, following the outlines of the Y. M. M. I. A. The Baltimore Mutual has had splendid success attending their work. The attendance increased 50% for the month of July. The people seem to like the classes very much. The spirit of the

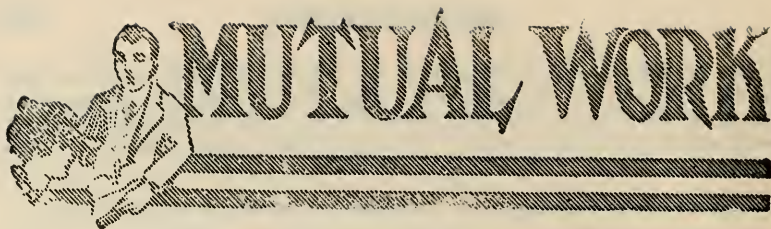
branch is better now than it has been for a long time, and we believe that the M. I. A. work is one reason for this. The branch held a very good outing on the 24th in Druidhill Park, the M. I. A. having charge. Fifty Saints and friends were present. We are preparing for the winter, and hope that we can soon acquire copies of the text."

Hundreds Reached in London in Open Air Meetings

Elder Herbert Savage, president of the London conference, writing August 8, says: "At present the elders here are engaged in all the phases of their work. Some of our old London friends will remember when President James Gunn McKay, Ralph J. Pugh, and William T. Hawkes inaugurated the open-air meetings in Hyde Park. Much good is now being accomplished at these meetings, where hundreds of people are reached. Open-air meetings are also held in a number of other places in London. Prejudice is being removed and some are earnestly investigating our message as a result of these meetings. Pioneer Day was impressively observed with a social for the old folks. All who were over fifty years of age were entertained at conference headquarters, Deseret, South Tottenham, London. President Herbert Savage acted as host and was assisted by the missionaries and a number of Saints who had accompanied the old people from the branches. Dinner was served and an enjoyable program rendered, after which ice cream and cake were served. The conference is forging ahead with the prospects of many other activities being inaugurated. A spirit of unity and harmony prevails throughout the conference."



Missionaries of the London conference, taken at Deseret, July 13, 1922, on the occasion of an elder's Priesthood meeting are as follows: Back row, left to right: William Little, Claude P. Heiner, Jeter L. Shepherd, Delbert S. Robison, Horace L. Richards, Robert E. Griffiths, Leland Savage, Middle row: Harold B. Crompton, Ray W. Woodfield, Robert L. Kenner, Wilford G. Eding, Kenneth E. Combs, Alvin W. Jones, Harluf Anderson; front row: Guy A. Poulson, Eliz. K. Poulsen, Horace W. Shurtleff, President Herbert Savage, Rebecca S. Savage, Frank Armstrong.



To Advanced Senior Class Committees

Dear Brethren and Sisters: The lack of time at our Fall conventions prevented any special featuring of our Advanced Senior class work, and believing the course of study offered in this department can be made a potent factor in vitalizing community social uplift, we are taking this method of calling your attention to a few important facts which we hope will result in a successful year's work.

To urge: First, that you familiarize yourselves thoroughly with the prescribed course—"Doing Common Things in an Uncommon Way"—thereby creating enthusiastic interest in the value of the lessons.

No time or effort has been spared to make these lessons of such merit as shall appeal alike to educational, professional or business circles that desire mental stimulus, and those people whose opportunities have not given them a college education, yet whose ambition leads to a craving for worthwhile things.

Second, that you sense the fact that yours is the responsibility of acquainting all the eligible people, not interfering with the Senior class, of this wonderful opportunity that is theirs—not alone by public announcement but by personal conversation and appeal, and by the assistance of the Organization and Membership Committees of your stake and ward. This may be done by yourselves or by enlisting as many enthusiastic class members as will make the effort one of pleasure.

Third, that you endeavor to socialize your class. Urge them to linger for a short time after the formal closing to visit and stimulate sociability.

Fourth, that the class leaders shall be of the highest type, men and women who are capable, efficient, dependable, who recognize their positions as of equal importance with those of teachers in school or college, and who realize, also, that while the effort of obtaining membership may be shared by others, the responsibility of *retaining* such membership to its blessing and uplift, is their own.—*Joint Advanced Senior Committee.*

M. I. A. Social and Recreational Committee

In harmony with the general M. I. A. plan of organization, you should have a Stake Social and Recreational committee, headed by at least one member of the Young Men's Stake Board and one member of the Young Ladies' Stake Board, under the direction of the two stake boards. They should call to their assistance at least two other members from the boards; or the additional members may be chosen from outside the boards. They should be faithful Latter-day Saints and particularly fitted for this work. The Social and Recreational Committee should see that there is a similar committee in each association in the stake. The Recreational committee of the General Board will forward suggestions and material from time to time; however, this will be sent direct to the supts. in the hope that they will submit them promptly for the consideration of the Stake Boards, and that they will then be submitted to the Social and Recreational committee for carrying out. The particular duty of the Social and Recreational Committee is to plan for and supervise the social and recreational activities within the M. I. A. This important field in M. I. A. work has been neglected. In order to stimulate activity, we wish first to

effect complete organization. This will be followed by a definite program.—*Social and Summer Work Committee of the M. I. A. General Boards.*

Applicable to All

Supt. Elton, of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, Taylor stake, has sent the following circular to all the local presidents of the Y. M. M. I. A., in his stake. It will apply to all ward presidents, hence the *Era* reproduces it for their benefit:

Dear Brethren:—We are now on the threshold of a new season and must be ready to swing open the doors for the biggest and best and most effective work we have ever yet attempted in our Mutual Improvement Organizations. There are many things for us to keep in mind and we have deemed it advisable to call some of these to your attention with the sincere hope that they may be of some help to you and that you will be good enough to carefully read them and forthwith apply them in your work.

Organization

Have your local organization with a full complement of officers in every respect. Effective work cannot be accomplished with an incomplete organization. If you lack any officers, call on the bishop or presiding officer and have your organization fully completed before the opening night. When the organization is completed see that the work is properly distributed according to the diagram given on page 14 of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*. Make some one responsible for every phase of the work and see that they do it. Don't fail in this particular.

Era

The *Era* is our *Guide and Chart and Compass*. We cannot make any successful headway without it. There should be a copy of the *Era* in every home. What the General Board would have us know and do they communicate to us through the *Era*. Let's make a record of *Era* subscribers. Have some good, pleasant, tactful member "curry" the entire ward with a "fine tooth comb" and get an *Era* subscriber in every home. If you do this it is not at all impossible that "all other things will be added unto you."

Fund

Start in early on the fund. Collect it while the collecting is good—that's right now—don't wait. Be sure you secure more than 100 per cent. We fell down last year. Let's make good this year and "top it" with a little extra to make up for last year. Secure as many Life Members as you can. We earnestly desire *Every officer a Life Member.* If we could—and we can—accomplish this we would set a standard for the entire Church. Let's try! In any event get the Fund in and get it in early.

Reports

The Secretary will keep after you on your reports from time to time. Please be prompt and accurate.

See that the reports are promptly mailed. We must get in our reports and make a good showing in the *Era*. Give your secretary every assistance in this matter and make yourselves personally responsible to see that reports are sent forward in due time.

Memberships

This is an important matter. Get your members all out for the opening night and opening social. Start in now and make up your membership list. Personal canvas and personal contact is necessary. Let no young man in your ward of Mutual age fail to receive a visit from you and don't fail to have his name enrolled as a member and his presence at your meetings as an active worker. We must have members.

Scouts and "M" Men

Read your August *Era* on "M" Men. Have a class of "M" Men wherever possible. The Church needs them, and the world is looking for them. Do your part in getting them ready. We must have scouts in every ward and branch. This comes as a mandatory decree from the General Board. We most heartily agree. Enlist the services of your bishop to help you in this great work. Select a real good, live, popular likeable young man for Scout Master and we will endeavor to have him trained and drilled and qualified for the work. *Scouts we must have!*

Special Activities

For fear you may have mislaid the program for "Special Activities" we enclose another herewith. If you would "score" you must get in all your special activities. It is the social and interentaining part of your work. It furnishes the fun and spice and gives the variety that makes things pleasant and good. The program speaks for itself. Take good care of it—read it carefully and follow out its suggestions.

Reading Course

Every ward should have a complete set of the reading course. The books should be kept in active service. Every officer should read every book. It is generally conceded that there are no better books available. Read them through yourself, and be prepared to give a brief review so as to arouse a keen interest and have the books constantly in use.

Opening Social

The opening social should be on the first Tuesday in October, viz., Oct. 3. Unite with the Young Ladies and get the bishopric and *all* the auxiliary organizations in your ward to help you make this the biggest and best social event of the season. All must be invited. Make it a *social* in every sense of the word, but let your *social* preach M. I. A., and in no uncertain tone of voice and keep M. I. A. and the season's work always to the fore. "Well begun is half done." Start right now and get the assistance of *every brother and sister in your ward*. Read your "Special Activities" regarding officer's social and have this before your opening social for the ward. As far as possible we shall endeavor to have a member of the stake board in attendance. Go right ahead and outline your program and make the evening one long and pleasantly to be remembered.

Slogan

"*We stand for a pure life through clean thought and action.*" The slogan should be repeated at every meeting. The person conducting the slogan should repeat the same first, and then all members repeat in concert. If possible have some one print or paint the slogan in good, large, bold type, and have it tastily and conspicuously displayed in the meetinghouse. The frequent repeating and remembering of this slogan will prove a blessing and benefit to all. Let us be sure, as officers, that we conscientiously live up to the slogan:—"We stand for a pure life through clean thought and action."

General

We know that Mutual work is to make good, faithful Latter-day Saints. And now, brethren, let us get the Mutual spirit—the spirit of mutual love and mutual advancement. Let us be united in every respect. Be considerate of each other's feelings, and make no man an offender for a word. We are very anxious and earnest for the success of the work and look to you to help us gain the highest place in Mutual work in the Church. We shall do this by getting the "spirit of the work" and keep plugging away.—Your brethren in the M. I. A. Stake Presidency, *D. H. Elton*, Stake Superintendent.

The Boise Bulletin

The *Boise Bulletin* is a typewritten manuscript paper issued by the joint Mutual Improvement Association stake boards. Several numbers have reached the *Era*, and the number for September, 1922, contains the organization and assignment of stake Y. M. M. I. A. officers, together with a roster of the eight associations in the Boise stake, one of which, Bramwell, is a joint association. The paper is "snappy" with Mutual information. Superintendent Fred W. Dalton, who has recently been installed as the superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., is getting the activities of the organization in shape, and we may look for good results from the Boise stake, which will be set forth, from time to time, in the *M. I. A. Bulletin*. The recent stake conference-convention held there on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2 and 3, was well attended and gives promise of good work to be done in that stake for the year.

Japanese Natives Preaching the Gospel

Elder Hilton R. Robertson, conference president, Osaka, Japan, under date of August 2, says: "The missionary work in this land is different from that of other missions, as millions of the people have no knowledge at all of the existence of the Bible. We find a great indifference for the study of the gospel, although there are many who are anxious to learn of Christ, who are attending our classes and meetings regularly and reading our literature. During the past month the elders of this conference sold 67 *Books of Mormon*, 27 *Bibles*, 169 other books, and distributed 3,023 tracts. We had three baptisms during the past month, and we feel, with these new additions to the fold, more than repaid for the efforts we have put forth to teach them the gospel. We are truly thankful and we feel to bless our enemies for placing into the hands of one of our Saints, previously a member of another church, many anti-"Mormon" books which brought him through curiosity to our Church. From that day his love for truth caused him to seek deeper into our teaching, and after reading our books and literature, including the *Book of Mormon*, and comparing them to these teachings which we were accused of putting forth to the people, also of those of the Bible, he entered the Church last Sunday together with a professor of the Agricultural School. Both of these brethren received practically all our teachings in English, as they speak it fluently, as do many of our investigators. This conference covers the city of Osaka, the second largest of Japan, with a population of over one and one-half million people. The membership of the Church here is comparatively small when we think of the millions, yet we have great hopes of the future, as the native Saints, through the recommendation of Elder David O. McKay, while here about eighteen months ago, have taken over much of the work with joy and vim, anxious to have their own people hear the gospel.

"Last fall George Matsumoto, an eleven-year-old boy, called at our Church, saying he had attended our Sunday Schools in Salt Lake City. He had with him a *Life of Christ* given him there for good attendance. Since his first visit to the Church he has been to Sunday School nearly every Sunday. Tomorrow he is going to be baptized, and we feel that some day he will do a great work among his own people, as he speaks both English and Japanese freely. We little realize how soon or how far away the results of our acts may come, and of how great a worth to this world. We ask the readers of the *Era* to do all in their power to see that foreigners living among them get fair and just treatment, such as you would like yourself if in a strange land. Especially do we ask you not to participate in any unnecessary sentiment against the Japanese people. We have many good Saints and friends in this land of whom we are proud."

PASSING EVENTS



The Ward Hotel in Delta, was destroyed by fire, Aug 30, entailing a loss of approximately \$30,000.

A Japanee warship sank, Aug. 26. in a typhon off the coast of Kamchatka. Three hundred men went down to death in the cruiser.

Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard was killed while flying at the Rutland, Vermont, fair, Sept. 7. He was known as "the flying parson." Two companions were also killed. The plane fell 3,000 feet.

Charles J. Toone, aged 78, died in Salt Lake City, Aug. 11. He was born at Lemington, England, March 17, 1844, and came to Utah in October, 1852, having crossed the plains in Captain Howell's company. He was a veteran of the Blackhawk war.

Utah's bonded debt is said to amount to \$22.33 per capita, in a survey of state finances by the Bank of America, New York. This is the sixth highest figure on the list, only South Dakota, Oregon, Massachusetts, New York, and Louisiana being deeper in the hole.

Fire Chief Bywater, of Salt Lake City, was honored by the International Association of Fire Engineers in session at San Francisco, Aug 18, who elected him vice president of the association. This means that in 1923 he will succeed to the office of the presidency.

The first arrest on account of the Herrin Mine massacre, June 22, this year, was made at Marion, Ill., when Otis Clark, a coal miner, was placed in custody charged with the murder of C. K. McDowell, superintendent of the Southern Illinois Coal company's strip mine.

The soldiers' bonus bill was passed by the U. S. Senate, Aug. 31, with a vote of 47 to 22, party lines being wiped out. It carries an appropriation of four billion dollars. The bill, having been passed by both houses of Congress, was vetoed by the President, Sept. 19, and on the 20th the House passed the bill over his veto.

Dr. Henry N. Couden died, Aug. 22, at his home in Fort Meyer, Va., He was known as the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, having held the position though blind, for twenty-five years, until Feb. 28, 1921. His blindness was caused by a wound received while he was serving in the Union army during the Civil war.

Forty-eight miners were imprisoned in the Argonaut mine, Jackson, Cal., Aug. 27, by a fire that started nearly a mile below the surface. Rescuers reached them Sept. 18, but found them all dead. From a memorandum left by one of the victims, it is surmised that they all died within four or five hours after the explosion.

A forty-million-dollar steel company has been formed, with San Francisco as the principal center of manufacturing, according to an announcement made Sept. 6. The new corporation, which is financed by San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Salt Lake banking houses, contemplates the erection of a plant in Utah, to cost \$7,500,000.

Mrs. Angeline Luddington Bush died, at Rigby, Idaho, Sept. 1, of old age. She was born Dec., 17, 1845, in the Nauvoo House, the home of the Prophet Joseph. With her parents she arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the second company that arrived in 1847. She was one of the guests of honor at the Utah Diamond Jubilee celebrated July 24, this year.

Five men were charged with murder, as a result of an investigation held in Chicago, Aug. 29, into the wrecking of the "million dollar express" near Lang, Ind., Aug. 20, when two of the train crew were killed. Five more men were held. Confession of some of the prisoners revealed a plot to wreck the Twentieth Century Limited near Elkhorn, Ind.

To pay the war debt. Representative MacGregor, of New York, made the proposition in the house of Congress that the United States cancel the war debt of Great Britain amounting to about \$1,135,000,000, provided Great Britain would cede to the United States a slice of Canada, embracing the whole territory adjacent to the Great Lakes and connecting waters.

Royal R. Romney died at Seattle, Wash., Aug. 11, of cerebral hemorrhage. He was a son of the late Bishop George Romney, of Salt Lake City. On the evening prior to his death he was the guest of honor at a dinner party tendered him to celebrate the completion of the organization of a company to market an invention in which he was interested.

An injunction against rail strikers was issued by Judge James H. Wilkinson, Chicago, Sept. 1, at the request of U. S. Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty for the government, restraining the strikers from interfering with operation of railroads and their properties. Samuel Gompers threatened to advise a general strike of all union laborers in retaliation.

The London Conference came to an end, Aug. 14, without reaching any agreement on German finances. France and Great Britain failed to harmonize their respective interests. The question of a loan to Austria was referred to the League of Nations. The terms on which Germany should be granted a moratorium were the chief bone of contention, the British opposing the drastic conditions insisted upon by the French.

The death of Mrs. Franklin Hatch Jones was announced Aug. 30, in a dispatch from Chicago. She was the only daughter of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, popularly known as Nellie Grant. Her first marriage took place in the White House in 1874. She was then only 16 years old. In 1912 she was married to Franklin S. Jones, at the age of 59. She has been an invalid for several years.

Lord Northcliffe passed away, Aug. 14, at his home in London, after three months of illness. The cause is said to have been the formation of pus in the heart, followed by blood poisoning. Lord Northcliffe was by far the most noted figure in British journalism, and the question now is what effect will his death have on the policies of the *Times* and his other newspapers, which since the end of the war have strongly opposed the Lloyd George administration in everything except its Irish policy.

Lieutenant James C. Doolittle completed a flight across the continent, Sept. 5, from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, Cal., making the distance of 2,275 miles in 21 hours and 18 minutes. The actual time used was 22 hours and 31 minutes, including a stop of 1 hour and 13 minutes at San Antonio. Airmen say that his night flight over the Florida swamps was one of the finest achievements in recent years.

George Sutherland, of Utah, was appointed associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, Sept. 5, and his nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Sutherland was president of the American Bar Association in 1916-17 and was elected U. S. senator from Utah, and served in the upper house of Congress from 1905 to 1917. His appointment was made following the resignation of Justice John H. Clarke taking effect September 18.

Arthur Griffith died, Aug. 12, in Dublin, of influenza. He was the president of the Dail Eireann, and one of the most ardent champions of the cause of Ireland. Griffith was arrested at the time Sir Roger Casement was placed in custody accused of rebellion, and barely escaped the fate of this knight. Today he was honored as a patriot, even by the British prime minister, who expressed his "deep distress" on learning that the popular Irishman had passed away.

The coal strike was ended, Aug. 15, by an agreement between the officials and the miners in joint session at Cleveland. It has lasted since April 1, this year, and has resulted in incalculable injury to the business interests of the country, in addition to the murderous acts of lawlessness committed in different places. It was decided to recall the Utah National guard from Carbon county and send them into training camp at the Jordan Narrows. The public are now asked to pay the expenses of the coal strike by raises in the price of coal.

Dr. Stanley N. Clark was made assistant superintendent of the Provo Mental hospital. He was appointed to that position Aug. 28. Dr. Clark is a recent graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and a brother to Dr. J. Cecil Clark of Provo. He was born in Panguitch, Garfield county, twenty-nine years ago. He was graduated in the public schools of that county and later graduated from the Brigham Young University. Upon completing his work in the medical college, Dr. Clark entered the L. D. S. hospital where he served as house doctor for a year.

Elder Walter McAllister Silver died Sept. 8, at Hickory, N. C., following an operation for the removal of a carbuncle, Sept 6. He was performing missionary work in the Southern States, when taken ill. He was the son of the late Hyrum A. Silver and Mrs. May Silver, and was educated in Salt Lake City, having attended the East High School for four years, 1914-18, and the University one year. His funeral services were held in Waterloo Ward on Friday, September 15. President Frank Y. Taylor, President Charles A. Callis, Southern states mission, President Heber J. Grant, and Elder Richard R. Lyman, spoke. He did faithful and efficient missionary work.

News of the defeat of the Greeks in Asia Minor came from Smyrna Sept. 7. Two hundred thousand Greeks and Armenians, fleeing before the victorious Turks were pouring into that city, creating a tremendous problem for the American relief agencies to solve. The Greek government resigned when receiving the news of the disaster. In political circles in Europe it was pointed out that the war between Turks and Greeks in Asia

Minor was really a conflict between Great Britain and France, and that the Greek defeat was a French victory. The Greek government, before the extent of the defeat became known, asked the great powers to intervene and arrange an armistice.

Passengers marooned on the desert, because striking railroad men refused to move the trains on the lines between California coast towns and inland places, suffered keenly on account of the heat, the temperature being between 112 and 119 at Needles, Cal., Aug. 13. A. G. Wells, vice president of the Santa Fe declared that the abandonment of the trains was due to a "conspiracy, inhuman and lawless." On Aug. 14, the strike of the big four brotherhood men of the Union Pacific was called off, and east-bound trains were moving from San Bernadino, Cal. All westbound trains on the Western Pacific were cancelled.

Elder David O. McKay was appointed president of the European mission to succeed Elder Orson F. Whitney, whose health has been poor for some time, after an operation some months ago. Elder Whitney left Salt Lake City, May 24, 1921, for Liverpool. Elder McKay last year returned from a mission around the world, undertaken at the request of the First Presidency for the purpose of making a survey of the entire foreign mission field. He held the office of Church commissioner of education for some time, but was released from that office because of his many other duties in the Church. He has also been superintendent of the Church Sunday Schools for several years and is a member of the Church board of education.

Mrs. Aurelia Spencer Rogers died, Aug. 19, at the home of one of her daughters, Mrs. Leone Stewart, Farmington, Utah, at the age of 87 years. She was the daughter of Orson and Catherine Curtis Spencer. She was born in Deep River, Conn., Oct. 4, 1834. In 1878 Mrs. Rogers gave serious thoughts to the needs of an organization in the Church for children, and she conceived the idea of Primary work. She discussed the matter with President John Taylor and with Eliza R. Snow and others, with the result that the first Primary association was organized at Farmington, with Mrs. Rogers president, Louisa Haight first counselor and Helen M. Miller, second counselor. Mrs. Rogers from that time continued to be an energetic, faithful and progressive worker. From that organization grew these wonderful associations throughout the Church.

Michael Collins was shot from ambush, Aug. 29, near Bandon, about 20 miles southwest of Cork, Ireland. He was the commander-in-chief of the Irish Free State army, chairman of the provisional government, and secretary of the treasury in the cabinet. Michael Collins was born in Ross-carbor, in County Cork. In his early boyhood he was fired with an ambition to see Ireland free, and later became such a factor in the struggle that the British called him "head of the murder gang," and put a price of \$50,000 on his head. Within the past few months Collins had two narrow escapes from assassination. Collins left London, where he had been employed in the postoffice and returned to Ireland just previous to the Easter uprising of 1916. He was one of the volunteers who fought in the battles of this rebellion, but made his escape, after the British had put down the revolt. Immediately he began the work of organizing the Irish army. Since the Free State was established his efforts have all been in the interest of peace.

The statue of Massasoit was unveiled at the State Capitol on the 31st of July, 1922, at 4 o'clock. The statue is the original of the bronze sculpture

of Massasoit which stands overlooking Plymouth Rock, and was given to the State of Utah by Cyrus E. Dallin, sculptor, at the solicitation of his Excellency, Governor Mabey at the suggestion of the Commercial Club, Salt Lake City. The unveiling was attended by the artist himself, who, in his short speech, among other words, stated: "I am glad you thought well enough of my work to ask for it, and I want you to accept this gift as a token of my love for my native state of Utah and my love, too, for the poor Indian." He expressed the wish, also, that he might model the old chief, Washakie of the Shoshones, who also was a man of peace, and who wielded a saving influence for the first Pioneers in Utah, as did Massasoit over the Pilgrims, and hoped that he might be privileged at some future time to set up among the hills of Utah the Washakie whom he had enshrined in the heart of his boyhood memories.

Massacre of Armenians by Turks around Smyrna, has taken place, according to reports received in Washington, Sept. 12. Many Armenians were fighting in the Greek ranks, and the Turks have taken their revenge in the usual manner. According to reports from London, thousands had been massacred in Smyrna, previous to the incendiary fire which caused a property loss estimated at \$75,000,000. Several girl pupils in an Armenian college had been carried away by Turks. The European chancellories were considering the advisability of calling a peace conference to settle the so-called Near East question. According to an estimate by the Greek Metropolitan of Ephesus, 120,000 Christians had been killed up to Sept. 15. Forty thousand Greek refugees had arrived in Salonika Sept. 17. American, Japanese, French, and Italian steamers are helping in the transportation of Greeks from Asia Minor. The British Cabinet on Sept. 19 expressed the opinion that Great Britain should undertake military action at once, if necessary, independent of France and Italy, to protect the Dardanelles. The labor leaders in England denounced the policy of the government as madness. Outside Great Britain it is hoped that the firm stand taken by that country will restrain the Turks from precipitating a war, which might easily become another world conflagration.

MEDITATION

The grandeur of the mountains high,
Long capped by unrelenting snow;
The fragrance of their whispering pines,
By winds brought to the vales below;
The beauty of the ancient stars,
Beyond which rests the deepening blue;
The spectral light by Luna shed
Along her path forever true;
The morning clouds in quiet rest,
By lavish Dawn in splendor dressed;
The gentle bird on bough and rush,
Whose song is stilled at evening's hush,
These all attest a better place,
When man has won his mortal race,
Where life, on its eternal way,
Shall greet the everlasting day.

Carrie Tanner

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